

The Other World Dining Hall

— Isekai Shokudou —

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[fox's coffee time]

Chapter 81

Barbecue Once Again



For Western restaurant Nekoya, there's Obon festival.

Every year in the middle of August, the restaurant closed for a whole week.

The main reason was because the salary workers that were the main customers of Nekoya did not go to work, and because the restaurant was an old store, there was an idea that it was necessary to rest from work during holidays for the store's predecessor and the present owner.

Well, before the Obon festival began, there were customs to serve "special cuisines" at Nekoya.

The price was the upper limit of the restaurant, 1,000 yen. However in order for the "all you can eat" customers could be satisfied, it was a dish that wouldn't be served except during festivals as it would result in a deficit.

Ever since long ago, before the owner was born, at the time when the restaurant was

still in deficit (there's no money yet due to the predecessor who was responsible on the mistake of overstocking on food and he laughed when given a good scolding by his wife who was in charge of financing) and there's a lot of food at the restaurant... it seemed.

It was the time just before Obon festival, when spiritual consciousness was strong and the restaurant's warehouse was much smaller compared to now, after the customers stopped coming during Obon festivals, the owner was greatly perplexed due to the overstocking of ingredients for Obon festival.

As the result of brainstorming for one night, the predecessor came up with a certain plan and came up with a signboard.

—Today, there's a special all you can eat menu of "barbecue", both meat and vegetables.

On the day he made such plans, the customers of Nekoya explosively increased, and the ingredients that were supposed to be overstocked were used up in just two days. Though there's hardly any profit due to everyone eating high quality food like shrimps, the predecessor said that he did not waste any food and was relieved.

...However, it was a great miscalculation that next year, various customers asked for another all-you-can-eat barbecue and it was impossible to avoid doing so.

That's why every year during Obon festival, Western restaurant Nekoya held "barbecue" once a year for two days.

Obon festival was held just before Friday. And on the next day of Saturday, customers would come in droves for the 1,000 yen barbecue.

And this year again, that day came.

[Yoshi, let's work hard today as well.]

On Saturday morning, the owner raised his spirit.

Friday yesterday was successful, it was a battlefield.

Students on summer vacation would come from daytime for the barbecue, and the

salary workers would come during evening and ate a lot. The business of a typical noon time would last from opening to closing time.

The owner who was six year past 30 years old had endured it. To be honest, he would like to take a day off.

However, it was a week off for the owner starting from the next day, so he would feel motivated if he thought so.

Thus the owner silently cut the meat, washed the vegetables and prepared the seafood.

[Good morning, master.]

[Ou, I'm busy right now, so take a shower and eat. I made a sandwich for you.]



Even though Aletta came as usual, he couldn't stop working. He couldn't stop his hands.

On Saturdays, the number of customers that came was less than Fridays, but the staff was also less. The serving had become much easier ever since Aletta took that position, but the number of chef was limited to him only.

[Yoshi, this is it.]

After a while, it was finally ready.

‘Chirinchirin’, with the sound that announced the arrival of customers, the battle began.

When she heard that today’s daily set was barbecue, Ellen’s smile deepened as her prediction hit the mark.

[Ou, it’s today after all.]

Along with her, Hermann and her two children, Kai and Bona, smiled.

A barbecue that was held only once a year during summer, on Satur’s day once in 7 days.

Ellen who had been visiting for a decade could predict when it would happen after encountering it several times.

[I see. It’s as I thought... then I wish to order barbecue for 4 people. With it...]

[Beer! Beer please!]



[Kaa-chan! I want cola!]



[Me too!]

For the once a year Obon festival, Hermann and co. requested drinks.

[I understand. Excuse me, one beer and two colas please.]

Usually she would reject it as soon as possible, but for this yearly barbecue day, she wanted to eat and drink as much as possible.

From such feelings, Ellen accepted it as much as possible and ordered additional drinks.

[Yes, thank you very much. Well, you can choose the ingredients for barbecue, but what do you want first?]

The waitress asked for the specified ingredients.

[Beef and pork. Also, I would like chicken legs with barbecue sauce.]

Ellen responded with a smile.

Speaking of barbecue, it was a day to eat delicious meat.

That was barbecue for Ellen's family.

The barbecue was a special dish that was served on a summer Saturday at the

otherworld dining hall once a year.

The price was quite high, but not just bread, rice and soup, but also “the main dish itself, you can order your favourites as much as you like”. It’s a lavish cuisine, but there’s value to eat it with a fee of a silver coin.

Especially the meat. It was an opportunity to eat the fine otherworld meat; it’s like a festival for Ellen’s family.

After a while, a platter of barbecue was served before them.

[Thank you for waiting. Here’s you barbecue platter.]

[Also, here are your drinks.]

Due to the large amount, the owner brought the food while the waitress brought a tray with the beverages.

The savoury aroma of burned barbecue sauce drifted from the grilled meats.

To that fragrance, their mouth watered and reached for the food.





The beef was skewered alternatively with Oranie while the pork skewer was just meat. They could see that each of the chicken legs was cooked carefully.

(How irresistible...)

While having a skewer in hand, she could smell strongly its fragrance. Ellen couldn't stand it anymore and bit onto the beef skewer.

The moment it entered her mouth, the meat juice and fat along with the sweet and

sour barbecue sauce spread in her mouth.

(Aa, the meat here is so delicious...)

Ellen's eyes narrowed in pleasure.

The barbecue sauce was sweet, sour and slightly spicy. And while the meat was exquisitely grilled with fire, the high quality meat was not tough at all. The beef was especially tender, did not smell of milk, and there's plenty of meat juice every time she chewed... it was to an extent that Ellen wondered whether it's the same cow as the ones that Ellen knew

(I wonder how they can grow a cow this delicious.)

Beef was one of the ingredients for festival food held for autumn harvest festival at Ellen's village.

After the year's harvest had finished successfully, the festival, which was carried out as a thank you for the Earth Goddess, would feature roasted beef.

They would either use an old cow that couldn't work anymore or a spent cow, then they would roast it.

It was a delicious meal for Ellen's family that couldn't normally eat meat, but it was too tough for old people and had a peculiar bad smell.

Still, Ellen's evaluated that it was not as good as pigs that were raised for eating.

But the beef meat here was completely different. It was not less delicious than pork meat and had no bad smell; once she ate she couldn't stop.

While eating the roasted Oranie sandwiched between the meats that only had a bit of its texture and bitterness left, she finished eating one skewer and reached for the beer.

Fresh cold bitterness went through her mouth and throat, washing away the taste of meat.

She sighed from that feeling and looked at the other three people that were also satisfied with their food and drink.

(Well, this family is similar to each other.)

She laughed after thinking that.

[Ou, kaa-chan. This pork meat is delicious. Try it.]

After a breath, Hermann said so while taking another skewer of pork meat.



The pork barbecue with its red meat and white glossy fat meat. It was roasted with just meat and its meat juice dripped down from the skewer.

When one bit through the fragrant surface, the fat would gently leak with the meat juice into the mouth. It was exquisite when combined with barbecue sauce.

[Kaa-chan! Try this chicken leg too!]

[Please eat it! It's really delicious!]



The children recommended the chicken legs. It was roasted chicken legs with barbecue sauce that's usually sold as roast chicken, but it had more barbecue sauce than other meats. The chicken skin coated with the sauce was crisp while the leg meat was soft and tender.

The leg meat where one could enjoy various flavours at one time was a favourite of children.

[Yes, yes, I'll eat them. Aa, the beef meat is also delicious, so please eat it. It's almost a different thing from the ones of the village festival.]

Ellen also recommended the beef meat, in response to the love of her husband and children.

For them, barbecue was a dish to enjoy delicious meats only.

Another party of two men that looked like father and son along with two different dogs were enjoying meat as the highlight of the dish.

[How is it? This place's barbecue.]

[It's very good... is it true that we can eat so much delicious food with just one silver coin?]

[Of course. Though it doesn't include alcohol or sweet drinks. Eat as much as you want. Both rice and meat.]

Mashira, a middle-aged skilled hunter, said so to his disciple Yuuto while stroking the head of the two dogs that were eating unsalted roasted meat while wagging their tails.

[Yes, thank you very much.]

He strongly nodded to Mashira and started to eat with a skewer in his left hand and chopsticks in his right hand.

He removed the pork meat seasoned with sauce made of shoyu and sugar from its skewer and heaped it on top of the rice.



The sweet white rice soaked in the meat fat and juice.

The savoury taste of the fragrantly roasted meat was compatible with the sweet steaming rice, he felt like he eating as much as he wanted.

[The rice here is delicious after all. Even it alone was already a good treat.]

[I know. Even for me, I don't know whether I come here to eat the meat or the rice.]

Mashiro too nodded at Yuuto's words.

Certainly the meat here was delicious. He always ate ginger pork or stewed pork belly that the samurais were fond of, and then today's barbecue. He thought that these meat dishes were the best taste of Mountain Country.



However, it's true that the rice here tasted different than the ones planted at the Mountain Country.

Due to their occupation, for these two that constantly ate meat, it was natural that this one felt like a feast.

(Aa, I can't endure this fragrance.)

Mashira breathed in the rice's steam, it was rich in fragrance.

Even though he had just eaten the meat and rice until then, he still wanted to eat, it was such a mysterious thing.

(I will still eat; I won't lose to a young fellow.)

Then Mashira picked up his chopsticks again in order to not lose to his disciple and ate meat and rice with raging momentum.

Faldania, a traveling elf, gently cut it with her knife and brought it to her mouth. She frowned; it was as delicious as always.

(I'm beaten... to think a roasted Meranza¹ is so tasty.)



While thinking such, she carried her fifth piece of Meranza to her mouth.

The green flesh contained a terribly good umami. The Meranza was sprinkled with furikake² made from tororo kelp³, shoyu and the sharp tasting juice of grated ginger, highlighting the best flavor of Meranza itself.

The violet skin was cleanly peeled off; the vivid green-fleshed Meranza was a summer vegetable. Its thick flesh was soft; it absorbed the soup's flavor and was delicious when it was cooked in a soup or the like, but when roasted with salt, it was good in its own way.

However, if that was the only thing, there's no way Faldania would ask for "another

serving”.

(This shoyu is sneaky after all. With it, I can eat various things deliciously.)

She glimpsed at her disciple who was gnawing at the sweet roasted corn.



Looking at Alice who was gnawing at the yellow vegetable with thick core, it seemed that she liked it.

Fragrant when it's freshly roasted, the sweet juice burst in the mouth when one chewed on it.

And the salty shoyu brushed on it made it even more delicious.

The distinctive taste of the salty burnt shoyu went well with the sweet corn and seemed to have captured Alice's heart.

[Excuse me. Onee-san, please give me another corn.]

She did not ask for the shiitake mushroom, the sliced Oranie or the Cobbler's fruit anymore. She only asked for corn now.





(This thing called “corn” is also sneaky.)

She lifted the green grass draped over the Meranza with a fork to identify it.

The owner said “usually I add katsuobushi⁴ with ginger and shoyu, but it would smell bad for you” so he used this tororo kelp instead.

This grass was like a mass of umami, it was a mysterious grass with faint ocean smell and its flavor oozed out when she chewed on it.

(...Camilla might know its identity.)

The smell of the sea, she glanced at the witch living near the port town who invited Faldania and Alice to the otherworld dining hall that day.

A witch named Camilla who was called as the witch of the cape; she sold medicine to the townspeople.

As she was familiar with the ocean, Faldania hoped that she might know something.

[Un. I don’t think this is freshly harvested, but it seems to be stored properly in a cold place to prevent rot. Something like that.]

The Camilla in question was eating seafood.

The skewer had curled Schripe and largely cut Clarco. There’s also scallop that was grilled directly on its shell.



Everything seemed to be seasoned with shoyu, the Schripe was chewy, the Clarco had elasticity that pushed back on her teeth, while the chewy scallop unraveled in her mouth.

The shoyu, which looked similar to fish sauce that was used by the Sea Country of Western Continent, was slightly scorched. Its aroma and taste combined with the fresh seafood that could only be obtained near the sea and no degradation due to its preservation method stimulated her appetite.

[Nee, Camilla...-san.]

While she was enjoying her meal, she was called.

[Is something wrong, Faldania-san?]

She stopped her fork and looked at Faldania... the female descendent of the elven invaders who had come to her place to ask about fruit jelly.



The invaders that came from north of the Blue Goddess' territory long before Camilla, whose age was beyond hundred years old now, was born.

They were barbarians that lumped together the six pillars and the "Chaos of Myriad Colours" as the "Supreme Lords of 7 prismatic colours"; they were also excellent magicians with highly developed magic that were able to beat even the high priests and priestesses.

They were aggressors that attacked the continent of a Great Goddess' kin and had insufferable arrogance that thought themselves as the ruler of the world, but that's a story of far past.

Now that they had declined in number and outnumbered by humans, they lived in small villages at forests while hiding their former arrogance.

As the people of the Blue Goddess lived in the ocean, their relationship with the elves that primarily invaded the land was thin, so Camilla did not dislike the elves a lot.

That's why they sometimes shared their actions.

[This... I think it's a sea grass that's placed over this; do you know what this is?]

[Hmm, let me taste it for a moment.]

Camilla reached out her fork towards the green leaf that Faldania had enthusiastically offered for her question.

[Un, I guess it's probably that grass.]

Faldania tilted her head while hearing her explanations word by word.

It was night time. After sending off the last customer, the owner heavily sat on a dining chair.

[...It finally ended.]

The voice leaked out unintentionally. He felt more and more tired every year, but he didn't want to feel that he's getting older.

It was so busy that his eyes were spinning that day. From evening, the customers who usually came to drink alcohol became enthusiastic after hearing about the barbecue and repeatedly ordered another serving of barbecue and alcohol.

The last customer of the day... the demon that usually ordered beef stew lingered around for "a little taste test" and had eaten five family servings of barbecue.

He was really exhausted now.

[Maa, I can have a good rest from tomorrow with this.]

Nonetheless, if he survived that day, he would be on holiday from Sunday to next Saturday and he intended to take it easy.

What should he do this year, which was what he was thinking then.

[Well, I suppose I should finish the last cooking.]

The owner prepared a barbecue of their own for the employee that was currently showering at the bathroom.

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1. メランザ – it reads as Meranza. Seeing that it's a roasted vegetable with purple skin, I'm guessing that it's an eggplant.



2. Furikake(振り掛け / ふりかけ) is dry Japanese seasoning meant to be sprinkled on top of cooked rice, vegetables, and fish. It typically consists of a mixture of dried fish, sesame seeds, chopped seaweed, sugar, salt, and monosodium glutamate.



3. Ohoro (tororo) kelp consists of thin shavings of pale green lconba (*Saccharina japonica*) marinated in rice vinegar. Some are thin, soft blades, while others are thick and tough. After the kelp has been harvested and rinsed, it is normally dried in the sun, then pressed and packaged whole or in pieces, or ground into coarse granules.



4. Katsuobushi is dried, fermented, and smoked skipjack tuna. It is also known as Bonito flakes when young bonito is used as a cheaper substitute for skipjack tuna.



Chapter 82

Sherbet



The middle of Obon holiday.

The owner was worried with the treatment in front of him.

[Watermelon...]

Green and black stripes.

Because it was in season now, he purchased it from the daughter of the greengrocer where he usually bought his fruits and vegetables; it was definitely a round watermelon.

A giant watermelon. When his grandfather was still alive, it was a suitable size for them when he still lived with his grandparents as they were big eaters, however the owner was past the prime of eating all of it now.



TN: This is the giant watermelon that the owner bought.

[I'm beat. I guess eating watermelon after each three meals are too much...]

As a family that operated a restaurant, he was taught by his grandfather not to waste food as much as possible.

When the owner was still a child, his grandfather would cook with fresh ingredients that were leftovers from the restaurant (although his grandmother was good at cleaning and laundry, she said that "the food I made back in olden days were not good") and his cooking would line up on the table.

When he looked back, the time he lived with his grandparents were longer than when he lived with his parents. The owner did not want to waste ingredients as much as possible.

In addition to buying sweet watermelon for personal consumption, he also didn't have to set some aside for the weekday staffs as it's a holiday.

[...Yoshi.]

After a while, the owner developed his future plan.

Let's finish a quarter as it is.

[I'll ask him later. He's a simple guy.]

What he should do now was to visit his professional patissier friend.

Thinking such, the owner decided to visit his childhood friend at the upper floor that's preparing for the continuation of business at next Monday.

It was Saturday now.

[Well then, thank you for your hard work.]

After a late dinner, Aletta finished drying her freshly washed blonde hair with a magical tool that gave off hot air, changed into her regular clothes and lowered her head.

[Ou, I appreciate your efforts. I'll be depending on you again next time.]

The owner was familiar with it and handed her a handbag with a handle.

The bag was a rustic design made from knitting straws, it was brought by Aletta for takeaway as the plastic bags for the restaurant's takeaway and the paper bags of Flying Puppy were too conspicuous.

Inside the bag were Aletta's requested takeaway items.

[Three servings of minced cutlet sandwich and a gift box of cookies. It's all inside.]

Usually it was only for Sarah and Aletta, but today her employer's sister came for a sleepover so she asked for another portion just in case.

[Yes, all right.]

She nodded with a smile to the owner's confirmation, took out 3 silver coins from that day's payment and handed it over.

[Un. Certainly... oh, that's right. Please wait a moment.]

After handing over the bag and receiving the money, the owner remembered something and hurriedly went to take out something he made from the freezer.

[Un, I made it as per the recipe properly. This thing...]

He took out that red food packed in a silver thermos from the freezer. He firmly closed the lid so that it wouldn't melt as much as possible and brought it to Aletta.

[Um, that is?]

[Just a small present.]

While saying that, he gave the thermos bottle

[Well, I made it for dinner some time ago. Watermelon sherbet. I still have plenty, so please have it. Since it's in a thermos bottle, it should remain frozen for a while, but please eat it as soon as possible.]

[E!? Is that fine!? Not just the sherbet, but the magical bottle too!?]

[Aa, it melts if it's in an ordinary container. Maa, there's no helping it, so please wash it and bring it back next time.]

The owner nodded while considering the fact that there's no thermos bottle at the other side.

Although the bottle was something he had used since his college days, it could still insulate the temperature properly.

[I, I understand. I'll take care of it properly!]

Aletta nervously accepted it.

(Ma, to think I can borrow a magic item.)

Aletta gulped her saliva.

At Aletta's world, such a thing could cost dozens of silver coins and the price was so high that one could build a house with the amount of money, so that item felt heavy in her hands.

Late at night, the full moon was shining brightly.

Sarah usually woke up and worked while relying on her magic lamp that she usually used for adventuring, at this time when it was reasonable for people to sleep.

(Er, this place is...)

While looking at the thick notebook, she examined the content and continued to make a clean copy on a fine parchment.

A notebook about the secrets of a new continent, entrusted to her by a cousin that was presumed dead.

Although the origin was ambiguous, the handwriting was the same as her cousin's and the writing was brand new, so it was definitely genuine.

Initially, Sarah received the request from her aunt and uncle because they wanted to know what her cousin was doing, but the circumstances changed.

The content was about the "Southern Continent" that's unknown to humans, so it was a surprise to every one of the Gold family except for Sarah.

It would be bad if it leaked outside. There's a possibility that they would receive a memorandum from the royal family if it didn't go well.

That's why instead of asking another treasure hunter, Sarah was officially asked as a family member and a treasure hunter to complete the deciphered copy.

Thus Sarah had been stationed at the Kingdom to translate it for the past few months.

[Anyway, is the Southern Continent amazing, nee-san?]

While wearing her sleepwear, Shia, who came after her parents requested her to watch over her sister, asked Sarah who was eager to work hard.

She was a merchant's daughter by nature; she was not bound by the "curse of William" and did not know much about adventuring.

Sure there's fame and glory in that profession, but if it was possible to live a life without inconvenience, she wouldn't bother to do such a troublesome job like that.

[It's amazing. It's not just about the detailed descriptions of the Southern Continent, there's also ways to go there that's written here.]

[...E? Really? Don't people need to go through the Dragon God Ocean in order to reach the Southern Continent?]

She was surprised hearing Sarah's words.

She knew about the Dragon God Ocean. It was a demonic sea that was not navigable as it was populated with evil monsters like krakens and sea serpents, not to mention a flock of sea dragons, and any attempts to traverse the ocean in the past always failed.

[Well, one could be transferred there if the elven magical equipment was still functioning, but he also wrote the way to navigate the sea using a ship.]

Anything is attacked by monsters in the ocean, so it seems that adventurers and knights were sent to deal with them.]

That was the conclusion written by her cousin after he observed the culture of the other side.

It was said that the Dragon God Ocean itself was like a huge country.

At the bottom of the sea, there's the Blue Goddess... the "Blue Empress" that was one of the Supreme Lords of 7 Prismatic Colours, said to rule over the monsters of the sea.

The Blue Empire placed great importance on order and did not forgive anything that entered its domain without following its law though they did show hospitality to those that followed.

...In the past, when the naval fleets of the Northern Continent came without following its laws were seen as outlaws, so they were sent assassins to deal with them.

[So people should be able to pass through the Dragon God Ocean as long as they properly obtained a permit. In addition to that traffic permission, it would be good to borrow the cooperation of mermaids that are relatively friendly to humans compared to other demons of the sea and are able to communicate clearly with humans.]

When people of the sea wanted to negotiate with the people of the land, they often asked mermaids to intermediate. That was also written down.

Of course, there's no guarantee that one could pass with that alone. There were specific times and places where storms frequently occurred, not to mention the monsters that were considered to be dangerous in the ocean... so to speak, those with low intelligence would attack things that entered their territory. However, it should be easier to cross over now.

[I see. To think such things are written...]

Seeing Sarah's face, she recognized that the notebook written by a cousin whose face she could not remember was amazing.

It should be prevented from being leaked to outside.

[...Eh? Will Aletta be alright?]

Thinking that, she remembered about the maid that lived at the house.

The female demon that seemed to be a little older than Shia managed the house whenever Sarah was away.

Her sister said that she was away due to the fact that she worked with another employer once in 7 days, but she usually greeted Shia with a smile and took care of all the household chores in place of her sister than tended to slob.

Shia was aware that Aletta was a good and honest person and they got along better ever since she received her cookies, but she was still not a member of the Gold family.

Shia was troubled with the judgment of whether to entrust her with the secret of her family or not.

[It's fine. She seems to be unable to read letters, not to mention... she's a good child.]

However, Sarah laughingly accepted Shia's worry.

At first, she hired Aletta because she knew about "that restaurant", but now she trusted her personality including her character and seriousness.

(I would be troubled otherwise.)

She had another important task for Aletta.

That abandoned mine was quite a distance from the Kingdom.

As one would expect, it would be difficult to visit that place once in 7 days.

For that reason.

'Chirinchirin', the sound of bell indicated that someone just entered Sarah's house.

[It's fine. That's Aletta.]

While shrugging her shoulders, she said so to Shia with a wry smile.

From what she heard from Aletta, "that restaurant" was open until midnight when everyone was already asleep.

Once in 7 days... the bell echoing in the middle of "Satur's Day" night indicated that Aletta came home with a "souvenir".

Soon afterwards, Aletta entered the study.

[I'm back, Sarah-sama. Also, welcome, Shia-sama.]

Aletta greeted Sarah and Shia while holding her usual straw basket.

[Ee. Welcome back, Aletta, and...]

[Yes, I brought it properly. Shia-sama's portion as well. Would you like to eat now?]

To Sarah's expecting gaze, Aletta lifted the basket and showed it.

[Ee, please.]

[Well then, me too.]

To those words, the sisters nodded together.

That evening, they only ate hardened bread with cheese and water.

After she woke up from her nap in the middle of working, she was now hungry.

[Well then, I'll prepare it soon. I also got sweets from the master, so I'll bring it together.]

Aletta smiled while saying so and went to the kitchen to prepare the food under the dim torch light.

They waited for a while.

[Thank you for waiting. Here are your plates.]

With simple wooden plates, their late mealtime began when Aletta came back.

The first thing Sarah and Shia saw was a round thing wrapped in thin paper.

[Un, it should be minced cutlet sandwich on Satur's day after all.]



[Er, what is this?]

Their reactions were opposites, while Shia tilted her head seeing the unfamiliar thing, Sarah who was accustomed to it joyfully took off the wrapping paper.

At the moment the paper was peeled off, she enjoyed the scent of the unique sauce.

Her eyes looked at the food stained by the black sour and spicy sauce.

The coating had no crispiness or the heat that burned one's mouth unlike the freshly fried minced cutlet.

Instead of that however, the black sauce had soaked into the clothing and mixed with the seasoned grounded meat.

Leafy vegetables that seemed to be a cabbage gave the sandwich fresh texture and flavor.

These all blended together, melting in her mouth with the flavor of fine white bread.

[Uwa... this is delicious.]

When Shia began to imitate Sarah, her eyes widened to the taste.

It was an unknown dish to Shia, but the combination of fine bread, meat and spices was certainly delicious.

(...Perhaps this is bought together with the cookies?)



To that taste, she suddenly remembered the question.

Bread with meat and cookies had nothing in common, but if there's one same point, they both had "very sophisticated taste".

Aletta's other employment. It was the reason she got cookies, which was Shia's favourite.

[A, and this, it's a sweet ice called sherbet made from a fruit called watermelon.]



While thinking so, she saw that they had finished her sandwich so Aletta prepared the sherbet.

The silver bottle magic tool borrowed from the owner. It was hard to see it in this dim room, but they could see a pink ice with strong redness inside.

The crunchy texture had not melted yet in spite of the midsummer heat no matter how cool midnight was.

She served it in wooden bowls she brought from the kitchen along with spoons.

[Here it is. I have eaten it, it's delicious.]

She smiled and recommended it.

[Sherbet? I have eaten it before a long time ago...]

[Sweet ice? Are you serving something quite extravagant?]

While receiving the bowls, they were not that surprised.

It was not unusual to make ice with magic during summer. They would crush the ice and eat it with sugar, honey or fruit juice.

Only wealthy people like aristocrats could afford it, but the sisters were among them.

[...Un, it's totally different.]

[True. This is delicious.]

However after a mouthful, their impressions were flipped. It was delicious, more than what they had before.

It was an ice confection made from freezing an unknown fruit called watermelon. That's fine.

However, compared to this sherbet, the ice confection that they only knew was "just frozen fruit juice".

Then thin, finely grounded sherbet was like a feather that gently melted in their mouth.

Only its intense cold sweetness remained.

The sweet juice went through their throats while cooling their heated body.

[Ano, how is it...?]

After seeing their original reactions, Aletta was worried.

The answer did not come.

Just the sound of the two people continuing eating their sherbet echoed in the room.

[A, not too fast!]

Although Aletta tried to stop them making the same mistake as hers, it was too late.

[[Ouch~!]]

A stinging pain suddenly penetrated their head.

They held their heads due to that pain.

[Are you okay? That seems to happen if you eat it too fast.]

They looked at the nervous Aletta.

[[That, is there another serving...?]]

The sisters asked for another serving at the same time.

Chapter 83

Kid's Meal



A corner of a huge old castle, politely interior decorated.

Young twins softly asking about the state of affairs.

[Alf, how is it? Okay?]

[It's fine. There's none now, Marie.]

They decided that there're no watchmen that guarded the "dangerous places" and the twins resumed their "adventure".

While they held each other's small hands, their aim was the top of the west tower of the huge castle, so they started to climb the stairs carefully.

The two were excited. They were on the way to the "witch house" told by their mother.

A witch lived in the west tower of the castle, so don't approach it.

The first prince and princess of the Principality, Alfred and Margaret, had heard that ever since they were young.

As they did not have "lessons" today, they decided to use this free time for their "adventure".

A dangerous place that their mother said not to approach.

They decided to sneak into the room where the evil witch lived.

[A, I see it!] [It's here...]

The twins finally reached the summit of the spiral stairway.

An old big door was at the summit.

The twins rushed over and opened it.

[...Eh? It's normal.]

[Un. Normal.]

The two tilted their heads seeing as the room was a far cry from a witch's room.

A canopied bed that could fit a dozen of people the size of the twins, and a gold and silver dresser studded with jewels.

Well-polished wooden furniture and a well-decorated silver jewelry box placed on a bedside table.

These were familiar to the twins who were royalties of the Principality.

Therefore, it seemed like a common bedroom for them.

[What, how boring.]

Bored, the twins sat on the bed so soft their bodies sank into it.

Even though they managed to slip from the nagging ministers' and generals' supervision, this turned out to be boring.

While thinking such, Margaret opened the jewelry box.

[Uwaa!?!]

Margaret withdrew her hand due to the cold.

[What!? What happened!?!]

Alfred felt that the jewelry box that Margaret opened was interesting.

[...Potion.]

[True. It's witch's potion.]

Their eyes shined seeing it.

At first glance, there were no jewelries at what seemed to be a jewelry box.

Instead, it contained one glass bottle filled with dubious yellow material and a silver spoon.



[What to do?]

[Un... what should we do?]

Unexpectedly they looked at each other. Though they had raised their courage to visit the witch's residence, there's no need to do anything there.

[...Let's drink it.]

However, Alfred said that after a while.

He would show his courage as the prince of Principality.

From such feelings, Alfred picked up the silver spoon and bottle filled with something pale yellow.

[Are you sure?]

[Yes, maybe.]

While replying to the uneasy Margaret, he broke the bottle's seal and thrust the spoon inside.

He scooped up the "witch's potion" that had firmly solidified and it trembled on the spoon.

Alfred felt nervous and gulped his saliva... and ate the potion.

[...!? What is this!? It's sweet!]

The witch's potion was unexpectedly sweet.

Apparently it seemed to be made from milk and eggs.

The witch's potion had two tastes and its smooth texture melted in his mouth.

When Alfred rushed to eat more of the potion, his sleeve was tugged.

[Ani-ue, give me too.]

His sister's intuition told her that he was eating something delicious.

[...All right.]

After sulking a bit, he divided the potion with his sister.

[What is this!? Delicious!]

Her eyes widened and she smiled.

Looking at it, Alfred felt happy and tried to eat the rest of the potion that only remained half.

[What are you doing here?]

He stiffened when he heard those words from behind him.

Yes, this was the witch's house, so naturally there's a witch too.

The twins who were suddenly aware of that saw the appearance of the "scary witch".

[Obaa-ue!?] [Why is it obaa-ue!?]

Standing there was not a scary witch; it was their silver-haired aunt that their father always said was an important person.

Her twin niece and nephew shrieked shrilly seeing her, the "former" princess of Principality.

[...This is my room. Of course it's me.]

While answering the two, Victoria answered her circumstances.

The current king... the twin's father loved Victoria dearly, but their mother was a little different.

The twin's mother that was the current king's legal wife hated Victoria.

Perhaps because Victoria was a loved family member of the current king but did not meddle with politics, or perhaps because Victoria was a half-elf, a tribe that was hated from the founding days of Principality.

The royal family who had ruled the Principality for many years was the descendant of the legitimate child of the Old Empire's "Half-Mystic King".

On his young days, when the Half-Mystic King still served as the king of the Old Empire, his son managed this place which was the base of trade.

That thing itself was not strange. As the successor of the Old Empire, the crown prince had to temporarily take a lower position and manage the governance and politics of the land of the current Principality which was particularly important to the Old Empire; it was a traditional way of the Old Empire to train and prepare the crown prince.

...The problem was that it was "temporary".

The Half-Mystic King was a replacement child.

His youth and life expectancy was different from others and his reign lasted for hundreds of years, it was the time of prosperity for the Old Empire.

However, the son of the Half-Mystic King was a human whose life expectancy didn't span for hundreds of years.

Thus when the Half-Mystic King passed away, the crown prince that was called as the first king of the Principality had already passed away long ago.

For the reign of the Half-Mystic King, 5 generations of leaders counting from the crown prince to complete strangers had ruled the Principality.

It was unthinkable for the King who had brought prosperity for hundreds of years to hand over his throne even for his son that was closer to "ordinary humans".

He thought so, but when his life expectancy was about to reach its end, the Half-Mystic King went mad.

Similar to him, his half-elf ministers and generals, along with his court magicians that followed the teachings of elves tried to get rid of their physical bodies in order to live forever.

In order to lengthen the prosperity of the Old Empire, they didn't even notice why the elves considered it as a "taboo".

Thus, the Old Empire which was said to be promised for thousands years of prosperity, became a country of undead ruled by a mad "lich". The then Old Empire, which had divided into smaller countries now, brought the storm of war to the Continent.

Even if hundreds of years had passed since then, half-elves were considered as taboo and they wouldn't be involved in certain things especially politics.

Even in the position of the princess of Principality, no, in a country that detested half-elves, Victoria could not be in the limelight of the Principality, not to mention that it was not in her nature to do so.

That's why even while living in the castle, she stayed away from the royal family and her laboratory was situated outside the castle.

[But why is obaa-ue over here?]

[Is obaa-ue the witch?]

Victoria nodded with a smile to the twin's fearless question.

[Yes. I am a magician... a witch.]

After answering, Victoria looked at the pudding eaten by the twins and came up with a good idea.

[Please come back tomorrow morning. I'll show you witch's magic then.]

Yes, the next day was Satur's Day.

It should not be a problem to "treat" her niece and nephew a bit.

The next day. In the corner of castle, a bell sound echoed.

[This is another world...]

[Amazing...]

The twins looked around the interesting new place.

A bright room despite being in a basement, they had never seen such decorations.

And the various inhabitants of their world that their wet nurse had told them about before.

Among them were monsters like a lizardman and a lamia, eating their food.

The "real witch's room" that the twins had passed through to visit the restaurant was a strange place with tools that the twins did not know how to use, bookshelves filled with difficult books and witch-like potions, but here was even stranger.

[Welcome, would you like to place an order?]

[I'll have Carbonara and ordinary pudding. And if I recall correctly, there's a dish called "kid's meal" that children age 12 or younger can order.]

Victoria quickly ordered while the twins looked around on their seats.

As the twins were accompanying her today, she did not order pudding a la mode and ordered ordinary cuisine and pudding.



Then Victoria ordered something that she had heard from her master Artorius before.

[E? Kid's meal, is it?]

To Victoria's orders, Aletta unintentionally asked back.

This was the first time she had heard of a dish that only children could order.

Certainly there were a few children customers before, not more than 12 years old, now that she thought about it.

[Yes, kid's meal. Please give it to these children.]

Victoria who expected the reaction calmly repeated to Aletta.

[I understand, please wait a moment.]

Aletta nodded and returned to the kitchen.

They waited for a while.

[Thank you for waiting. Here are your Carbonara and kid's meals.]



It came.

The kid's meals were placed in front of the twins.

After seeing the piping hot "kid's meal", the twins looked at each other.

[Weird.]

[Un, it's weird... but it looks delicious.]

While confused, their mouths watered to that scent.

It was a mysterious unknown dish to the twins.

There were a number of dishes placed on a plate with lots of cavity.

Round baked meat with reddish black sauce poured on top.



Reddish orange rice of Western Continent placed beneath yellow egg cloth with a small flag of red circle in the middle of the white background pierced on top.



An unfamiliar brown straight food with the tail of a Schripe and white sauce poured on top.



Something like a round white ball made of plenty vegetables placed on a bright green leaf.



Fried thinly-cut Cobbler's fruit with a small bowl containing red sauce.



And...

[A, this is pudding! There's pudding!]

[That's true!]



Placed on a corner of the plate was a glass bottle filled with yellow pudding, the name of the dish said by their obaa-ue.

Though they tried to reach it as soon as possible, they were stopped by Victoria.

[No good, you have to eat pudding last after finishing the rest.]

Although she did not speak loudly, but there was strength that was hard to resist, so the twins followed it carefully.

...However, there was no need to be worried. All of the food was delicious.

Alfred reached for the mass of meat placed near the center of the plate first.



He picked up the small knife and fork placed near the plate.

[Wa, so soft.]

The meat was softer than he thought and he was able to easily cut it apart.

When he brought a slice near his mouth, the fragrance of cooked meat with sauce made his stomach growled.

His mouth watered after smelling the small cut of meat.

The mass of meat with its meat juice and fat combined with sweet Oranie and intertwined with the black sauce, Alfred thought that it was very delicious.

Though he was very young, as the first prince of Principality, Alfred knew about luxury.

Alfred was in a daze due to the taste and continued to eat the Hamburg steak.

The first dish Margaret picked was the one with bright red tail.



(What is this?)

As the capital city where Margaret lived was far from the sea, she had never seen it before.

While tilting her head, she cut the edge and lifted it with her fork to inspect it.

(Wa, pretty.)

While peeping at the cross-section, she could see the clear white body mixed with a little pink and Margaret sighed.

At first, she was unwilling to eat anything before the pudding though their obaa-ue told them to.

When she carried it to her mouth, she smiled.

This unknown thing was seafood.

Unlike fish, this food had unique elasticity, and its taste and fragrance were faintly oceanic.

In the royal court of the Principality, seafood like fishes and shellfishes preserved by magic of preservation sometimes lined up on the table, but Margaret had never eaten shrimp before as it was easy to decay and its perishability.

Therefore, the taste of Schripe which she had never eaten before had stolen her heart.

(Un! This is delicious!)

The crunchy surface coating, the plump Schripe body and the sour sauce poured on it with the taste of eggs and milk.

They mixed together in her mouth and entertained her tongue.

They forgot that they were reluctant to eat in the first place and ate their kid's meal.

Besides the main features of Hamburg steak and fried shrimp, the white grain balls and the red rice with baked eggs were also delicious.

The Cobbler's fruit, which was the Empire's specialty, was deep-fried in the usual way, but there's no oily feeling as it was fried in high quality oil. The crispy outside and the white fluffy inside showcased the gem that was Cobbler's fruit and unraveled in their mouth.



Its seasoning of only salt was already good enough, but it was more exquisite when eaten with the bright red sour sauce.

The rice cuisine with the tiny flag also used the red sauce.



It was fried together with chicken meat and yellow grain vegetables, which had little acidity, and wrapped together by the aroma of butter.

The rice itself was already delicious, but it was perfectly finished with the soft flavor of baked eggs.

And the white ball set on green leafy vegetable.



Brilliant orange Caryute, green beans and yellow grain vegetable were mixed in and appeared as a beautiful pattern on the white background.

Apparently it seemed to be made from Cobbler's fruit. It was carefully mashed and seasoned with slightly sour sauce, something that was similar with the sauce for the seafood. The result was smooth and slightly sour, the mixed in vegetables were not very tasty, but the food was tasty enough to compensate for it.

Those two who only thought of eating pudding were moving their hands and mouths while fully enjoying their meal.

Unlike their usual elegant way of eating, they smiled with their mouths full.

(...I wonder it would be like this if I ever have children.)

Looking at the situation, Victoria smiled while eating the pasta dish with milk and eggs flavor.



Her dear brother's descendant, her niece and nephew.

As humans, they would definitely grow older and die before Victoria.

Although she missed it, when she watched the children eating the dessert of pudding, she smiled warmly like a mother.



[Obaa-ue, it was very tasty.]

[Obaa-ue, thank you for bringing us today.]

After the twins finished their meal, they noticed that their faces were dirty so they hurriedly wiped with white clothes while thanking her.

[It's fine. I don't mind it since you both are my important family.]

Victoria replied them with a smile.

The food of otherworld dining hall was more delicious than usual.

Perhaps because she was with these two.

[Then, that...]

[Would you mind bringing us here again someday?]

Victoria's answer had already been decided.

[Of course. I too, want to request it.]

Those words naturally came out from Victoria's mouth made the twins smile.

Chapter 84

Soborodon



Oniwaka, a high priest of the Black Goddess that's also a samurai, was alone when he rubbed his full belly satisfactorily.

[Un, this is delicious. If it's not in such a remote place, I would've visit more frequently.]

He had eaten all of the grilled pork meat; all that remained in front of him was an empty white plate.

When he saw a boy that looked like a hunter with his dog, he had asked for the same dish that the boy was eating, he received "ginger pork" which was pork meat cooked with grated ginger.



While drinking his cold water infused with fruit juice, he recalled the delicacy of the dish called “roast chicken” that the ogre couple ate with their alcohol.



The cold water was comfortable after eating a hot meal and chilled his warm body.

The room was as cool as autumn though it was midsummer, it made him forgot about the heat of the mountains.

Together with his full belly, it was peaceful like the bottom of the Netherworld.

[Life is interesting after all.]

In such relieved mood, Oniwaka once thought again of the oddness of his fate.

A black door that he found while he was checking the vicinity in preparation of fighting an evil spirit.

Beyond the door which was nestled behind an overgrown summer grass, there was a restaurant.

There was a variety of unknown food in this restaurant, which was located in a mysterious otherworld, but the most mysterious of all to him was the unknown entity at the corner of the restaurant.

[...Un. I wish I could bring Shoujirou along too.]

In such an interesting place, Oniwaka thought so.

An elderly samurai who had abandoned worldly lifestyle and devoted himself to priesthood.

He was surely preparing for the extermination of the evil spirit.

[Maa, at least I should bring back something as a souvenir... owner! I want to request something.]

He called the owner.

[Yes? How may I help you?]

[Umu, as a matter of fact...]

Then Oniwaka consulted with the owner.

It was evening when he went back to the side of a deep mountain road.

Shoujirou had finished his preparation.

On his back, he carried his usual divinely protected large spear and arrows attached with tags which held the protection of the Black Goddess.

The divine protection of the Black Goddess was protection from death and night. Therefore, it had the power to destroy those who already died like evil spirits which had become monsters.

As for the subject of Shoujirou's escort, Oniwaka's handmade tags were powerful since he was a high priest. And just like his arrows, his sharp sword also carried powerful blessing of death.

(It should be like this.)

To ascertain its condition, he brandished his large spear.

The opponent was an opponent that was considered to be particularly strong among the undeads, an evil spirit (wraith).

Failure to prepare meant death, so Shoujirou maintained his weapon with zeal.

—During night of full moon, whoever managed to vanquish the evil spirit that appeared at the highway would be paid 100 gold coins.

Around half a year ago, such a story spread from the light temple located at the highway.

According to the merchant who very luckily managed to survive, the horrible evil spirit of a princess lingered at the highway and only showed itself during the night of full moon. {TN: I think this is the broiled sanma guy.}

When he looked at old literatures, it seemed that the evil spirit was a princess who used to be a blood relation of the feudal lord ruling the area around there, and it seemed to be a lich comparable even to a demonic spirit.

Once, even a priest and a priestess of silver rank from the local light temple tried to challenge the undead with what they thought as enough preparation, but they ran away when it became clear that it was likely they would be killed.

For the Goddess of Light, beings of darkness like undeads were sworn enemies. They would never forgive their existences in the world.

Only one old high priest in the temple was determined to vanquish it, so he issued the proclamation.

And Oniwaka and Shoujirou responded it.

(Still, he's late.)

While Shoujirou was preparing, Oniwaka went to search for food in the mountains, but there was no sign of him returning.

(No, though young, there should be no problem.)

He was a little worried, but he reconsidered.

Shoujirou knew what kind of person he was as he had been escorted from time to time, and he knew his strength.

He was a high priest of the Black Goddess and he studied the way of sword from Shoujirou so he was a competent warrior familiar with both swordsmanship and priest techniques, but that were not the only things.

Oniwaka was an “ogre child”, someone with ogre’s blood.

Living in this world, an ogre was not compatible with humans as they had barbaric customs among intelligent races.

In this Mountain Country, the races like ogres were regarded as sub-humans.

Boasting height nearly twice of humans, consuming mountain beasts as food, strong enough to laugh derisively at humans, speed as fast as a horse, and tough skin as if they wore full-body armor.

With their strong physical bodies, they plundered food, ate people and ruined the fields.

Now, they could create gigantic bows that could pierce through them and sharp blades made of demon’s rock that could cut through their bones due to the development of the samurai’s martial arts.

Just a couple of hundred years ago, the people were frightened when they came down from the mountains and raided the crops, livestock and young women, so they would abandon their fields and ran away.

The existence of the ogres as terrible taboo originated from that era.

The ogres ate humans, but if the humans were young women, they would be treated as playthings.

When a child was born from a demon's seed, the ogres would call them "hornless" while the humans regarded them as "ogre child".

They were born with robust body comparable to ogres.

In the Mountain Country, stories like a samurai with great swordsmanship saving a princess from ogres and exterminating said ogres were not uncommon.

Oniwaka was an ogre child born from the daughter of a lord that Shoujirou once served.

The princess, who was caught in a landslide and was presumed dead, was alive and saved by ogres.

3 years later, when an ogre subjugation team of samurais exterminated the ogres, she was found in their cave dwelling while cradling the baby Oniwaka.

And for the first time in 3 years, she went back to Shoujirou's lord.

But maybe she had weakened over 3 years of mountain life or due to losing Oniwaka's father, her heart had weakened and she died due to a disease.

And Oniwaka, as the princess' memento, along with the samurai who worked as the princess' escort, joined the temple of darkness which was strong in the local community, was quickly recognized for his talent after years of hard work and became a high priest even though he was still young.

This time, Oniwaka talked about the extermination of the evil spirit.

He had heard about it in a town he stopped by during his journey to broaden his information.

After hearing about the details and the reward, Oniwaka said that "I'll do it" and these two people went to the highway during the afternoon of full moon day.

(However, he's slow. If he doesn't return soon, I'll have to go and look for him.)

While he thought so, Oniwaka came back.

[Sorry! I found something interesting so I got delayed.]

As he had been away from his samurai household since he was young, Oniwaka spoke without a samurai's accent.¹

[He~e. So you found something interesting? What on earth did you find?]

While saying so, Shoujirou looked at the white bags not made from cloth or paper, which Oniwaka was carrying, with appetizing fragrance drifting from inside.

[Umu, the thing is, surprisingly I found an otherworld restaurant!]

Oniwaka replied with a smile.

[O, otherworld restaurant?]

[Ou! It's tasty!]

For the surprised Shoujirou, Oniwaka took out a box from the white bag to show him.

Indeed, there seemed to be a dish inside the box that was the origin of the good smell, and the last time he ate was before noon at the town where he ate porridge with dried meat and some vegetables, so his empty stomach growled.

[To tell the truth, I found a door leading to the restaurant and went inside, but unfortunately, I heard that the door only appeared once in 7 days.

In fact, the door disappeared once I came back here.]

While talking about it, he showed the paper box to Shoujirou.

[Waka, what is this?]

[Aa, I feel bad for you if it's just me that get to eat something delicious. So I had ordered this for takeaway.]

Oniwaka replied.

[It's slightly cold now, but it should still be delicious. I asked for something that should still be delicious even if it's cold.]

The face of the laughing Oniwaka was not the face of the genius priest of ogre child; it's the face of a young man that just matured into an adult.

[...He~e. I thank you for such a thing.]

While wiping teary eyes that did not befit a samurai, Shoujirou decided that his empty belly was not fit for battle.

From a small bag attached on top of the box, he take out the chopsticks made from bamboo and opened the box.

When he did so, he could smell the fragrance of rice and meat.

[Oo, this is brilliant...]

And when the box was opened, he could see the brown coloured finely minced meat, yellow scrambled eggs, and the vivid green boiled beans.



[Waka², what kind of food is this?]

With his stomach grasped by the vivid colours and appetizing scent, Shoujirou asked Oniwaka.

[Ou, its name seems to be “soborodon”.]

Oniwaka conveyed the name he heard from the owner.

He could hardly put up with this anymore.

Shoujirou picked up the heavy box and used his chopsticks to scoop the food.

[Hohou, this is first-class food.]

The food fitted Shoujirou with his big appetite, under the three-coloured toppings, the

box was packed with white rice.

This rice was recently popular among the nobility of the city; its bran was carefully removed, washed until it's polished and cooked properly.

[Right? This is normal at the otherworld.]

While listening to Oniwaka, he scooped the rice with the meat and took a bite.

[...Oo.]

He unconsciously leaked an admiring voice.

This meat, it was fatty chicken meat seasoned with sugar and fish sauce.

(What a luxurious seasoning.)

He smiled after tasting the flavor that did not even appear during warrior's banquet.

Sugar could not be found at the mountains. It could only be bought from the brown skinned merchants of Sand Country, that was south of Mountain Country, in the capital city and big cities at high price. The only sweet thing in Mountain Country was just juice of seasonal fruits and sweet dew.

However, this meat was sweetly seasoned. This sweet flavor complimented the taste of meat, the flavor of fat under the skin and the salty fish sauce.

Shoujirou reflexively loosened his posture, but he decided to eat little by little.

It was not important to fill his belly quickly.

Yes, he felt it.

(Next... umu, this scrambled egg is also delicious.)

From this rare gem of yellow fried eggs, he could gauge the skill of the chef.

From the beginning, eggs were delicious.

If one boiled or fried it and eaten with salt, it was already a delicious treat for the common people.

However, this projected something beyond that.

(Umu, this is... was fish stock added to it? There's no muddy flavor.)

The fried eggs were seasoned with salt and sugar, so of course it's sweet and salty. But

there's umami beyond that.

The flavor was a bit like when fish was simmered in sake, but there's no fishy smell.

There's only umami, just like the umami of congealed fish broth.

And it also fitted with the white rice.

It was lightly seasoned compared to the meat, but it was fresh and tasty for the tongue that was used to the previous sweetness and greasiness.

(Fumu, this one is completely salty.)

And he finally reached for the green beans.

It was just boiled beans in a pod. {TN: French bean}

It was slightly salty so he could taste the vegetable's flavor.

(But this texture is good.)

He enjoyed the texture of the green beans inside his mouth.

This boiled green beans had distinctive texture when chewed.

It was something that was not found in the soft meat and fried eggs.

And whenever he chewed, the slightly salty juice of the boiled beans overflowed.

That was also good.

Shoujirou was silent while he ate the soborodon.

It was sacrilegious to eat it hurriedly, so he enjoyed it slowly.

As a reflection of his feelings however, his chopsticks became faster.

[...Ou, such a small quantity.]

Indeed, it was so delicious that Shoujirou could not endure it anymore.

Oniwaka urged him like a child.

[...Then, only a little.]

Shoujirou was a little late in answering him.

While watching the sun slowly setting, Oniwaka and Shoujirou prepared for their battle while talking.

[How is it? Is this preparation enough?]

[Of course it is.]

After enjoying such a splendid meal, he was brimming with willpower.

After this, they would vanquish the evil spirit and earn their reward.

[...Next time I go there again, I'll take you with me.]

[I appreciate it. I certainly wish so.]

Though they talked casually, their tension increased.

Yes, next time they'll go together... with his oyaji-dono³.

At the moment the sun completely set at the mountain, Oniwaka steeled his resolve.

When cold wind mixed with the putrid scent of corpse passed through the two, they unsheathed their weapon.

Chapter 85

Takikomi Gohan



Takikomi Gohan¹

Friday night.

While looking at the shining silver in front of him, the owner thought of one person.

[I wonder if that person would come again this year...]

Fall would come when summer was over.

In Nekoya, as autumn was a season full of appetite, many appetizing foods made from

cheap, seasonal ingredients were served.

During this season, the regular menu was not changed, but the daily sets would use seasonal ingredients of various tastes.

Due to the cheap price and abundant variations, the daily set was a signboard dish of Nekoya.

It was a tradition in Nekoya to examine what kinds of ingredients were available before deciding what to cook.

It was also one such ingredient in front of the owner right now.

[It's the first autumn salmon this year.]



**北海道産
新巻鮭 2.5kg**

Yes, in front of the owner was a salmon brought by the fishmonger.

Frozen food, imported goods and cultivated food were circulating all year round, but the natural ones that were on sale in the season were cheap and delicious.

Especially at autumn, as the salmon was fatty at this time of year, there were various ways to cook it.

[Well, what's the most delicious way to cook this...]

Generally it was made into sashimi, but it was also delicious to be grilled with salt.



[...There's new rice if I'm not wrong.]

After he considered making use of both rice and salmon, the owner decided on the recipe.

He cut the salmon into bite sizes and brought out a small rice cooker he used at home.

He used the part of the salmon he just sliced, mushrooms and newly milled rice...

[This is it.]

After he set the cooking timer to tomorrow morning, the owner lightly turned his head.

[I'm looking forward to tomorrow morning.]

The owner returned to his home at the third floor while smiling to the taste of autumn which was cooking in the rice cooker.

While feeling the cold morning air, Aletta walked through the slums which she recently visited only at this time.

(It's getting colder lately.)

Autumn had arrived at the Kingdom.

The sunlight of hot summer sun had become docile, and the newly harvested crops and wheat lined up at the market.

The clear cold air of the morning was a bit chilly, and though the summer was hot, it was a bit hard to appreciate winter without the warmth of her winter clothes.

[Yaa, hello. You sure are early.]

[Yes, hello.]

On the way to her destination, a robed magician that started to live at the slums about a year ago ever since Aletta lived at Sarah's house lightly greeted her, so she lightly greeted him back before continuing her walk.

Lately the rubble had been cleaned up and only vacant lot had remained.

At the center was the door to otherworld dining hall.

At the moment she stepped onto the vacant lot, while feeling a faint itchiness on her feet, she approached the door and opened it.

(All right! I have to work hard today as well!)

At the moment she stepped forward, Aletta steeled her determination.

‘Chirinchirin’, Aletta who came to work looked at the unfamiliar thing in the kitchen.

[Ano, what is this?]

Before Aletta was a box made from otherworld material, it’s neither wood nor metal.

Steam steadily rose up from the box and she could smell the good aroma of fish.

[Aa, that’s a rice cooker. Look, that’s the one I usually use to cook rice.]

[So this is rice cooker, huh?]

To the owner’s explanation, Aletta tilted her head.

It was a tool like the magical silver cylinder, the mysterious black box in front of her was called a rice cooker although she couldn’t understand how warm rice could be made just by putting rice and water inside it.

[Aa, the food that’s currently cooking was difficult for the one that’s used for the restaurant...]

While it was certainly delicious, but it was a cuisine not ordinarily served as it was not compatible with the “Western food” of the restaurant.

However, the owner cooked it for “employee meal” as fresh salmon and freshly milled rice were available.

[Yoshi, it’s cooked.]

The scent of autumn wafted out as the owner opened the lid.

[Waa... it looks delicious...]

Aletta smiled to the scent of shoyu, rice and fish without bad smell.

[Right? It’s Nekoya’s special menu, takikomi gohan with salmon and mushrooms. I cooked a little extra for second serving, so enjoy it.]

While smiling, the owner told her the name of the dish.

Aletta went to a seat and waited a little.

[Ou, I kept you waiting.]

The owner placed a set meal of takikomi gohan in front of Aletta.

Miso soup with fried tofu and radish, dashimaki tamago, pickled vegetables and hot coarse tea².





Besides that, takikomi gohan served in a big bowl was the main dish.



Pure Japanese breakfast was rare in Nekoya.

[Here.]

[Yes, thank you very much.]

She received the bowlful of takikomi gohan from the owner.

It was dyed brown by the shoyu and the red fish meat could be seen peeking from some places.

[Well then, let's eat.]

[Yes. Demon God, thank you for giving me food... let's eat.]

Along with her usual prayer, she accompanied it with the otherworld's prayer of appreciation she learned from the owner before she ate.

First of all, she reached for the brown rice.

(It's somewhat similar to pilaf... I wonder if it's Western food.)



She recalled a somewhat similar dish.

It used rice and smoked fish meat, but it didn't smell of butter.

Moreover, instead of spoon, it used chopsticks to eat.

The square omelet garnished with grated radish and ketchup was not served in Nekoya.

Therefore, Aletta recognized what it was after a year working at the restaurant.

(Maybe it's a Japanese dish...)

Japanese cuisine. It's something that the owner only made occasionally.

The rice dishes that were eaten using chopsticks and called Japanese cuisine were mostly preferred by those who lived at the Western Continent.

The owner said "if it's Japanese cuisine, then there are quite a few restaurants that are better than here", so the owner did not cook it often.

While thinking such, a bite.

(A, this... is delicious.)

The slight sweetness of the rice spreading in her mouth was accompanied by the salty shoyu.

The fish and the mushrooms mixed in were delicious too.

The fish meat with bright red colour did not have any bad smell and contained plenty of fat.

And its fat oozed out every time she chewed.

It was a pleasant thing for Aletta who had never eaten such fish back in her hometown that was located at a crevice of a steep mountain.

The mushrooms added were good.

Mushroom, which was an autumn ingredient, was used in a soup even at Aletta's hometown.

Even a soup seasoned with little salt and herbs taste better only by adding mushrooms and she remembered that the mushrooms which had absorbed plenty of the soup were delicious.

And this takikomi gohan contained two types of mushrooms.

One was the finely chopped "maitake" mushroom while the other was "shimeji" mushroom with black umbrella and white stalk.





These two mushrooms gave their delicious taste to the rice and at the same time, absorbed the flavors of shoyu, rice and most importantly, the fish meat.

Rice, fish and mushrooms. While she enjoyed the taste of these three ingredients, the bowl became empty.

[Ou, another bowl?]

[Yes!]

Without missing a beat, she nodded to the owner whose bowl was also empty.

At first, she tried to restrain her appetite, but after knowing that the owner liked to see Aletta eat deliciously, she ate a fine amount due to her youthful appetite though she was careful so that she did not become too full.

While waiting for the refill, she reached for the dashimaki tamago.



(...Un. This is totally different.)

While she chewed on the egg, it contained plenty of soup stock.

It was seasoned with a bit of sugar, salty shoyu and some kind of umami.

When she had a fit of curiosity before, she bought some eggs for several coins and boiled them, but it didn't come close.

Of course, there was no comparison between the skill of the owner who was a professional chef (according to her master Sarah, he was comparable to the chef of the royal castle) and the amateur Aletta.

The natural taste of eggs did not taste like this dashimaki tamago. While it was good, it was also dry and crumbly, so there was something missing.

(Surely there are secret seasonings that only master knew.)

Aletta poured a bit of shoyu on the grated radish and ate it while thinking such.

The taste of slightly bitter and spicy radish and the clear shoyu joined the dashimaki tamago, showing another facet of flavor.

[The dashimaki tamago get along well with the takikomi gohan too. The compatibility of salmon and eggs is good.]

[Yes... a, it's true.]

When the owner said so, Aletta ate the dashimaki tamago along with the second serving of rice and was convinced.

Certainly the egg flavor along with this fish meat (it seemed that salmon was its name) was a wonderful combination.

Then they silently ate the takikomi gohan.

When they finished their meal, the rice cooker that used to be full of takikomi gohan was now empty.

[It seems that we finished all of the 1 liter³ of rice.]

The owner said in a surprised voice at the quantity they ate for this morning.

The owner himself knew that his tension had risen after a long time since he last ate takikomi gohan, so he knew that he ate a little too much.

And Aletta also ate a lot.

[Haa... it was delicious.]

After eating the rice, Aletta was smiling happily from the bottom of her heart while she drank her tea.

(...Also, I wonder how to make it.)

Seeing that face, the owner spoke while feeling satisfied.

[Alright, since our bellies are now filled, let's work hard today.]

[Yes!]

Aletta responded with a smile.

And today was another busy day at Nekoya.

TN: I really like salmon. It's one of my favourite ingredients and I can eat a lot of salmon sashimi. It's drinkable really.

1. Takikomi Gohan(炊き込みご飯, 炊き込み御飯) is a Japanese rice dish seasoned with dashi and soy sauce along with mushrooms, vegetables, meat, or fish. The ingredients of takikomi gohan are cooked with the rice; in a similar preparation, maze gohan (混ぜ御飯), flavorful ingredients are mixed into cooked rice.
2. 番茶 – Bancha (coarse tea) is a type of Japanese green tea. As a type of common tea, any kind of homemade green tea is commonly called in this term.
3. In the raw, the quantity of the rice is 5 合 (gou). According to Wikipedia, 1 gou is equal to 0.18039 liters, so I rounded it up to 0.2 and multiply by five, hence 1 liter.

Chapter 86

Sweet Potato Tart Once Again



As the air became thinner the higher he went, an adolescent priest named Gustavo flew while feeling breathless.

A wall so high that it seemed to continue on forever and the blue sky with white clouds.

Also, the mountain air which still held the remnant of winter was cold enough to freeze his lungs whenever he inhaled, so it mercilessly robbed away his strength.

(Chi, chichi-ue doesn't seem to be affected...)

With blurry eyes, he looked at the figure flying in front of him.

Flying with bigger wings than his own, the man, Antonio, was his father and a senior high priest of Gold Goddess.

As he disrobed his priest clothes in order to fly, he could see gold dust smattering his sculpted body.

While humans were “one of the weakest races that served the great Goddesses”, Antonio was a great priest who could fully turn into a dragon and fought with followers of Red Goddess and Green Goddess, as such, that gallant figure of a man was someone that he admired ever since his childhood.

—Are you finally able to fly? Then, I'll take you to a good place.

Gustavo came to this place after receiving such words.

The highest elevated cliff that he could see from his house.

Gustavo doubted his ears when he was told to use his “dragon wings” that he was finally able to create after his winter training to ascent to the summit.

Certainly one was able to fly far when they used the dragon wings.

However in order to climb the rugged cliff, one had to do a lot of training.

(It's, it's impossible...)

Gustavo, who suffered a headache due to the thin air, relaxed his flapping and tried to put his feet down on a rock shelf of the cliff.

That time.

Gustavo's trained arms were grasped by Antonio's large hands.

[It's just a little more to the summit... you have to devote yourself so that you can reach there by yourself.]

Together with such words, Antonio's wings flapped more powerfully while he gripped Gustavo's arms.

[Uwa, UWAAAA!]

Feeling as if his shoulders were about to be dislocated, Gustavo unexpectedly screamed.

[We've arrived.]

After a moment, after he thought he saw something black, the cliff wall that had been visible all this time disappeared and he could see the whole blue sky wrapping around their bodies.

(We, we're here...?)

Immediately after he thought such, his arms were released and he landed on a little scaffold of the cliff.

[Indeed, this is amazing...]

Gustavo inhaled seeing the scenery.

Unobstructed even by the clouds, the blue sky stretched endlessly.

For Gustavo who just received his wings, it was the first time he saw such scene in his life.

(I see. This is... good.)

He thought so and turned around to talk to Antonio.

[Nu. What are you doing, wear your clothes at once.]

However, for some reason Antonio told his son to withdraw his wings and wear his clothes.

[Clothes? Chichi-ue, that is... e?]

After Gustavo instinctively tried to understand his words, he noticed it.

Behind Antonio... there was an out-of-place black door on the surface of the sheer cliff wall.

[Chichi-ue, why the heck is there a door...?]

[Umu, I said it before. When you obtained your wings, I'll take you to a good place to celebrate.]

Antonio nodded and answered his son.

He wondered about the door behind him.

[This is the good place... the door to otherworld dining hall.]

The truth was hard to believe.

‘Chirinchirin’, the father and son passed through the door.

[This is another world...]

Seeing the unfamiliar decorations and customers, Gustavo looked around.

(There’s quite a lot of people... I think those are the followers of the White Goddess.)

Customers who wore unfamiliar clothes came to the restaurant to eat unfamiliar food... most of them were humans.

Of course, when he looked closely, there’s a lamia that’s a priestess of the Red Goddess, a female therianthrope that’s a priestess of the Green Goddess, and a siren which was a tribe that worshipped the Gold Goddess, but overall most of them were humans.

Except for a few, most humans worshipped the White Goddess who was clearly known for giving strong blessing to humans.

The intelligent tribes that worshipped the Goddesses were diverse, in general, those who lived closer to an area protected by a Goddess were more likely to receive that blessing.

For example, the Gold Goddess that Gustavo served ruled over the sky.

Therefore, the tribes that served her were those who were born with wings to fly like Sirens, Harpies, Birdmen and Tengu¹.

Rather, the human race that needed to undergo severe training in order to obtain their wings was a minority among the Gold Goddess’ followers.

On the contrary, this restaurant had many human customers.

[Thank you for waiting. I brought your reserved order.]

[Umu, sorry for the trouble. I will ask for the warmed cow’s milk.]

Seeing the waitress who was cheerfully serving his father, he could see from her horns and the quality of her power that faintly circulated in her body that she was a demon, a common enemy of the six pillars.

[Chichi-ue, is it okay to leave her alone?]

[Yes, it would be troublesome to rampage here. This place is watched and protected by the Goddesses.]

After the waitress had left, Gustavo instinctively asked Antonio in a low voice, but Antonio admonished him.

[Besides, I have asked for a special item for your celebration. Rather than a fight, let's enjoy today.]

While saying that, he saw the special item that he had reserved 7 days ago served on a large plate.

In a bowl of soft pastry dough was golden Kumara and sweetly boiled Azar fruits that decorated it.



The brown vessel, golden Kumara and clear amber of Azar fruit.

[This is a very luxurious sweet. The golden one is Kumara.]

Just like Antonio, Gustavo also liked sweet things and looked at the interesting large pastry in front of him.

[Well, when I consulted with this place's owner, I heard that "sweet potato and apple tart" is good. So I ordered it.]

Honestly, this was a first time for Antonio, but he did not have any concern as he knew the taste of “sweet potato tart” sold at this restaurant.

[Saa, let's eat... just watching it would be cruel.]

And a small party of father and son began.

Antonio used a silver knife to cut through the large pastry.

(Umu, this big tart is also quite good.)

The clear amber coloured Azar fruit that was cut into wedge shape was arranged in full moon shape, underneath it was the golden sea of Kumara.

The silver knife slid like a sea ship and the golden sea was carved.

While his son's mouth watered, he lifted a slightly bigger piece than other pieces and gently placed it on a small plate for Gustavo.

[Today is your celebration. You should eat first.]

[...Is it fine?]

To that, Gustavo was surprised though he received it obediently.

As the patriarch, his father would usually eat the best part of any dish.

Even though he cut the pastry himself, he gave the biggest part to his son.

[What, don't mind it. Currently there is no family watching us. There are only you and I here.]

While saying so, Antonio smiled a little with his usual dignity.

Antonio was a powerful priest. Therefore, it was necessary for him to be strict and dignified in order to oppose his clan.

But there were few authorized people of the Gold religion here.

That's why Antonio could give a little preferential treatment to his family here.

[You should eat it. This is the first time I ordered this, but it looks really delicious.]

[Yes.]

Prompted by the words of his father, Gustavo picked up the pastry from the plate.

(U~n, I've never seen such a vivid golden Kumara.)

The Kumara seen from the cut section was really golden, making him feel that it was a waste to eat it.

Even to Gustavo, it would be nice if his mother would search for just a bit better Kumara in the market.

[...This, is delicious.]

That was his first impression.

When he bit it, the first flavor he tasted was the sweet Azar fruit.

The lightly boiled Azar fruit, though soft, was still a bit crunchy with the sweetness of sugar it was boiled in and its natural acidity, followed by the sweet fragrance of brown spice that was sprinkled in after stewing for a while, it made him think that it was delicious enough just like that.

And the pastry vessel was crushed by his teeth leaving the lingering taste of milk and butter as a finish while leaving sweetness different from the fruit.

And above all, the Kumara located at the center was wonderful.

The baked Kumara, which was crushed thoroughly, did not have the texture of boiled Kumara, it smoothly spread in his mouth with sweetness unlike the boiled Azar fruit and the sweet pastry.

Also, the Kumara was mixed with square-cut Azar fruit.

Unlike the Azar fruit on top, this was not boiled in sugar.

As a result, it had weaker sweetness and stronger acidity.

It complimented the three different kind of sweetness.

[I'm surprised. To think there's such a delicious confection in this world.]

[That's true. I too was surprised when I first ate the confection here.]

While hearing his son's honest impression, he also shared his secret and reached for a piece of tart.

(...Nu. This is surprising.)

And like his son, he was surprised by the taste.

The tartlets that he usually ate were delicious, but this was a very special confection.

He did not think that the deliciousness of carefully treated Kumara was compatible with the sweet and sour taste of Azar fruit.

Just one slice was not enough.

[...Nuu!?]

While having thought so, his son had already eaten three slices.

Apparently, he forgot to restrain himself due to his young appetite.

(This is it!)

He was careless though he only ate a piece.

In a panic, Antonio instinctively reached for another slice.

After they finished the large tart, it was not enough so they ordered his usual tartlets, and they drank their warm milk satisfactorily after they finished that too.



The sweet warm milk swept away the sweetness lingering in their mouth.

[[Fuu...]]

They sighed unexpectedly and laughed a bit embarrassedly.

[Owner, it was a feast.]

After such words, he took out his coin bag from his pocket and gave him more money than usual.

[Yes, thank you very much for your patronage.]

[Umu, I shall continue to visit for a while. I'm counting on you.]

While his father talked with the human owner, Gustavo stopped waiting and said.

[Can you give me more of the confection called tarts? I wish to take some home. I'll pay the money properly.]

This was so delicious. If he gave it to a priestess who was currently anxious, surely she could ease her mind.

From such feelings, Gustavo wished to purchase souvenir using the money he earned as a priest.

[Yes, it's fine.]

The waitress replied with a beautiful smile, there was no discomfort like other demons.

It was not uncommon for customers to takeaway cakes.

Although the cakes didn't have long shelf life, they still had a day and there were a lot of customers who were able to eat it all even after they returned back.

[Well then, I would like souvenirs as many as the number of fingers of both hands.]

Then Gustavo made a request in order to give it to someone.

...Later, it wound up to be a chance to climb up the rugged cliff throughout the year without noticing it.

TN: It was rather hilarious when Gustavo initially thought that the view on top of the cliff was the good place.

1. Tengu(天狗, “heavenly dog”) are a type of legendary creature found in Japanese folk religion and are also considered a type of Shinto god (kami) or yōkai (supernatural beings). Although they take their name from a dog-like Chinese demon (Tiangou), the tengu were originally thought to take the forms of birds of prey, and they are traditionally depicted with both human and avian characteristics. The earliest tengu were pictured with beaks, but this feature has often been humanized as an unnaturally long nose, which today is widely considered the tengu’s defining characteristic in the popular imagination.

Chapter 87

Peperoncino



There were more customers than usual that day.

[Well, I'll come again.]

—I will come again.

After he sent off “Indian Curry”, who ate so much that he wondered where she packed it in, and “Beef Stew”, who held a silver pot large enough to fit her slender body in, silence fell over the restaurant.



[Alright, good work today.]

[Yes, thank you for your hard work. There are so many customers today.]

After the door closed, the two people exchanged words while feeling liberated after the day was over.

After the beautiful woman that ordered beef stew (her, and the lady who recently became a regular and wore a differently coloured Nekoya's waitress uniform that ate curry all the time from the time she came before midday until closing time) went home, the business was over.

The time was 9 p.m., Nekoya's usual closing time. It was a time that couldn't be said to be late at the owner's world, but it was considered to be late at the otherworld where people went to sleep as soon as the sun went down.

By this time period, the customers who came in the evening for alcohols already went back home as well and only few customers would come.

Although there were few Halfling customers, there was only few food ingredients left as there were customers who ate enough to win an eating competition, but he there were enough to make food for him and her, so he would manage somehow.

While considering such, the owner stretched his body in relief after his work was finished.

While he did not dislike the work of a chef and felt that it was a rewarding work, he always felt released after his work was done.

With such liberated feeling, he returned to the kitchen.

'Chirinchirin', the sound of bell indicated a customer coming in.

When he looked backwards, there was a bearded young man with brown skin and black hair wearing white clothes that was a little dusted.

It was a face he had never seen before. Perhaps he was a first time customer.

[...Welcome.]

[Welcome to Western restaurant Nekoya!]

A customer was still a customer though. So the owner greeted him with a smile.

[Ne, Nekoya? What is this place? Why is there such a place in the middle of a desert?]

[Ee, actually...]

The owner thought while explaining to the customer.

In this situation where a majority of the ingredients had been used, what should he cook?

On full moon night, Nadel, a journeying merchant, cautiously rode his camel which was strong against the cold and did not slow down even at night.

He looked around his surroundings from on top of his camel. There might be dead corpses that turned into undeads lurking in the sand.

From ancient times, in the desert where the full moon shone over the majority of the Sand Country, the full moon night possessed a different danger from daytime when the sun, the incarnation of fire and light, could easily kill people with its heat. There was a danger of being attacked by undeads and subsequently turned into one.

Those who died in this vast desert rarely received proper funerals.

For this reason, when the neighborhood was dyed blue, the full moon which was the incarnation of darkness and death would cause the undeads to rise from the sand and attack the living.

(I failed. To think I can't avoid travelling on full moon night.)

The origin was an oasis where its water was exhausted, so he had to make a detour towards another oasis.

So he journeyed to the city before full moon, and to think that he thought he would leisurely drink alcohol at the city inn at night with the money he obtained after he sold his silk that he obtained at the port city.

(At the very least, I want to arrive by the end of the day.)

If there was another half day to the city, he estimated he could arrive the next morning if he left then.

Just that the full moon was a problem.

(There are strange signs... un?)

Nadel who saw it from the corner of his eyes stopped his camel and went to see it.

A black door standing on the sand, stained blue by the night.

(Mirage... no, it's night now.)

For a moment, he thought that it was an illusion floating in the middle of the desert, but he reconsidered.

It was currently midnight and the full moon was about to reach its peak. He had never heard that a mirage would appear at such time.

[...Un, it's a real door. Moreover, it can open properly.]

He got off his camel and touched the door to confirm that it was real.

The door was well-maintained; it shone black in the full moon light.

He turned the brass handle and noticed that it was not locked, so he opened it a little.

[...What? There's a scent coming from inside. Is there food?]

As he opened the door, there was a bit of a smell drifted from inside. A scent of spice and fragrance like meat soup.

To that smell, Nadel instinctively gulped his spit and remembered his stomach's hunger pain.

(I have only eaten dried fruits today.)

That day, Nadel traveled without taking a time to eat as it was a hasty journey without water.

While avoiding wasteful sweat, he completely covered his body with a hooded cloak, ate dried figs on top of his camel and continued his trip with little precious water.



Therefore his stomach was empty.

Because of that hunger, Nadel unintentionally pushed the door and stepped inside.

‘Chirinchirin’, he snapped out of it when he heard that sound, but it was too late.

[...Welcome.]

[Welcome to Western restaurant Nekoya!]

And almost simultaneously as Nadel looking inside, a man with black hair similar to people of Mountain Country and a female demon with black horns welcomed him.

Making a sound, he gulped down the cold water that was precious in the desert, cold enough to make his head ache.

[...Oi! Bring me another pitcher!]

Soaking in his dry body, the water with lemon scent was so delicious he almost cried.

As he drank from the superbly created glass cup, he drank his second cup slowly so that it would soak into his body and finally moisture had returned to his withered body.

[Yes, here it is!]

In response to his words, the female demon who wore somewhat sexual clothes that showed her legs like a dancer immediately brought another silver jug.

(I don't know what would happen at first, but this water alone is worth it.)

As a merchant, he was always sensitive to cost, but he was satisfied with this transaction.

Cold water was a product which became a "commodity" to the extent that lukewarm water, transported in heavy water jars, would be sold in cities in coarse wooden bowls.

If he drank this amount of cold water with clear ice, he calculated that it would cost more than the 5 copper coins that Nadel promised to pay the owner with.

(Really, what's with today?)

From what Nadel was told, this was another world.

It could only be visited from a door that appeared in his world once in 7 days.

This is otherworld dining hall, with some money (it was a bit more expensive than a commoner's restaurant in Nadel's opinion) people could eat dishes of another world.

However, the owner said that "Since there are no more ingredients left today, I can only make Peperoncino".

While it was a pity that he could not eat the soup or the spice using food that he smelled before he entered the restaurant, but if he was able to eat warm food anyhow then there was no loss.

Regardless, it was better than dried figs, so he ordered that "Pepperoncino" which meant that he could drink as much water as he wanted.

(Still, what kind of this is this Peperoncino?)

After drinking his water, Nadel caught his breath and thought about the otherworld food he ordered.

From the kitchen, he could hear the sound of heated oil.

The owner said that the dish used wheat noodles and smoked pork meat, cooked with Togaran, Galeo and scented oil.

Even with scarce ingredients, he could still make it quickly and deliciously.

(Maa, the owner seems to have considerable skill. I won't be served anything weird.)

When he reconsidered, the owner came back.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your Peperoncino.]



As he said so, he placed the dish before Nadel.

(...Hou. Even the smell is good enough.)

Instinctively, his mouth watered and his stomach growled.

Bright red roundly sliced Togaran, thinly sliced Galeo with the colour of yellow sand.

Brilliant green herbs, sliced smoked meat with vivid colour and clear yellow oil slightly pooling on the surface of the plate.

Nadel deeply inhaled the scent, seeing the mountain of pale noodles beautifully studded with the ingredients.

[Well then, please enjoy.]

The owner said so and immediately left.

Nadel picked up a silver fork and quickly ate.

(This... it's spicy, but it's delicious!)

Immediately after taking a bite of his pasta, Nadel instinctively reached for his cup and drank the water.

The thin noodles that looked like threads made from sheep's wool were tangled firmly with the fine oil.

The masterpiece of yellow oil with no smell was firmly sticking to the spiciness of Togaran.

If he looked carefully, he could see the seeds of Togaran floating in the oil... the seeds were the spiciest part of the Togaran.

The Togaran used was the spicier kind, though there was only few amount of the sliced Togaran, its spiciness made his throat hot.

(Still, even if it's painful... it's delicious!)

This otherworld dish was certainly a spicy dish, but that was not all.

Faintly scorched Galeo had a fragrant aroma and crunchy texture in his mouth, mingling firmly with the spices and salt, the smoked meat contained concentrated flavor of meat and fat, and the green herb sprinkled from above gave a firm taste.

Besides, the food was firmly salty, but as the spiciness had not totally dispersed in the oil, its flavor could not be obtained just by adding salt.

(This oil is good. As it has no odor, it succeeded in blending in all of the various tastes.)

Yes, the main character of this dish was the oil.

Clear yellow fine oil.

As it did not have bad smell, it was possible to even just drink it as it was, so it should be noted that it could suck in the many relatively strong flavours of the food ingredients and brought them all together.

And these thin noodles then absorbed this flavourful oil and brought all the deliciousness to his mouth at the same time.

(Nonetheless, it's so elegant that it's beyond ingenuity.)

The noodles, oil, Togaran, Galeo and the smoked pork meat... Nadel could identify everything except for the herbs, so he could obtain the substitutes at various

moderately sized cities scattered throughout the Sand Country.

Of course, making the food that was as delicious as the one served at this restaurant required considerable skill and research, but something similar should be able to be created.

(If I consider how to make this, it could be the start of a story about an unexpected business...)

As such, as his belly was filled and his head thought like a merchant, the plate eventually became empty leaving only slight traces of oil.

[Excuse me! Another serving please!]

He couldn't endure it, so Nadel asked for another serving.

When the blue moon reached its peak, Nadel returned to the desert and shook his beloved camel, he then aimed for the next town.

(I want to arrive by morning...)

Nadel, whose belly was filled with food and water, forgot about his tiredness and continued his journey without feeling sleepy.

He would arrive at the town before the sun rose, after sleeping in the inn for a long time, he would start the business.

He would sell the silk he purchased, obtain money, buy other goods again and travel to his next destination.

While he drank Kaffa and exchanged information with another merchant, he would talk about the otherworld cuisine he just ate.

Such a thing filled Nadel with enthusiasm as he slowly advanced through the sandy sea.

Chapter 88

Canapé



A stone mountain hut that he found when he visited the town a year ago.

Seeing as the dwarves were the inhabitant of the town, the door was only as tall as Johan's chest, so when he entered the hut and saw that the door was not there, he bitterly smiled.

(Indeed, it's a countermeasure against those who are rude enough to arbitrarily "use" it.)

Before Johan's eyes, the steel door was thick enough that an ogre was unlikely to break through it even if they used the power of their whole body.

Though there were a desk and beds, it's just a mountain hut that's not furnished enough to be called a normal cabin.

As he had visited here before, Johan knew that most people who would just tilted their head while wondering “why”, he narrowed his eyes nostalgically.

(No, at that time I didn’t feel alive.)

Considering such, Johan who was a merchant that followed the flow thought about the wonderful alcohol he drank a year ago.

The start was one rumour.

Dwarves that lived in a distant city that would take a few months journey to arrive said that they developed a new strong alcohol.

It was a liquor with complicated flavor that made a line of distinction as the alcoholic drink was favoured by dwarves since it burned one’s throat, and it was also praised and coveted even by human nobles.

But the problem was, the liquor was always on short supply as the dwarves always drank it so much that the merchants were not satisfied with the amount left.

Therefore, in order to obtain the liquor at a reasonable price, one must travel to the dwarven city.

From that rumour, Johan smelled profit.

For rich people, they had a weakness of rare items.

In particular, the “umeshu” which was said to be made by dwarves of Western Continent was particularly prized as one of the alcoholic drinks that the royalties of Eastern Continent drank.



In addition, Johan himself was a drinker that drank enough to hear about the special alcohol of that city.

He had heard that it's almost out of circulation, but he had decided to visit the dwarven city even though it took him a month to reach there.

Johan finally reached the top of the mountain where he could see the towns located at the foot of the mountain.

[Fuu... finally here.]

He looked at the stone cabin and the smoke rising from its chimney, Johan realized that his destination was close.

Dwarves who were generally craftsmen built towns in mountains where minerals could be mined.

Therefore, there were many difficulties for people that wanted to visit.

[Well, I do want to take a short rest... oo.]

He felt that journeying down the mountain would be hard labour, but he noticed it when he looked around.

Before Johan's eyes was a small mountain cabin made of stone.

[...Un, it's apparently not locked.]

Johan thought that it was probably made by a dwarf as a resting place for people who came to the top of mountain, as evidenced by the height of the door that was fitted for a dwarf, so he bended down in order to grasp the lowly attached door handle.

Fortunately, it was not locked, so there was no problem in using it for a little rest.

[Alright, thank you for letting me use this.]

Johan entered the cabin and looked inside after tying his horse loaded with his baggage to an appropriate rocky spire.

There was a low table tailored to the height of a dwarf and two beds lined up side by side, it was a small hut but it was built firmly.

[Un, I wonder what's that at the back?]

After looking around, he noticed a door at the back, so he thought that it probably led to a back room and opened it.

'Chirinchirin', that sound echoed in the small cabin.

[...Why is the back of a dwarven hut like this?]

Johan, who opened the door and looked inside, murmured to himself.

A room at the back of a dwarven mountain hut.

It was bright and bigger than the hut itself.

Despite the time being sunset, there were many people in the room that was as bright as daytime... eating various meals.

(Oi,oi, there are ogres and sirens, and that one... no way, is that a lamia?)

When he looked around the room, he noticed that there were obvious monsters among familiar races of humans, elves and other races, so Johan was unintentionally petrified.

Fortunately, they did not even glance at Johan, just continuing to eat unknown food.

[What the heck is this place...]

[Ano, welcome. Is this your first time? Welcome to Western restaurant Nekoya.]

Seeing as he didn't seem to recognize the place, a demon waitress spoke to Johan after she came out from the back and finished serving food to other customers.

[Western? Nekoya? What the heck is this place?]

He turned to the direction of the voice and asked her.

[Yes, this place is the otherworld dining hall; it's a different world from the one we lived in!]

To Johan, who was obviously a first-timer, the waitress proudly said so.

After a while.

(Otherworld, a different world...)

While still processing over what he was told, he looked at the “menu” book where the list of foods was written.

This was a restaurant that was a different world from the one where Johan lived, it seemed that a door would appear in Johan's world once in 7 days.

(I see, it's a different world.)

The dishes written were all unknown names, with the exceptions of croquettes and fried potatoes.





Under the name of the dishes, there were descriptions written neatly in Eastern Continent language, but there were still some dishes that he couldn't imagine.

(Hou, there's alcohol selection too... strong alcohol, huh?)

While flipping the pages, he found the alcohol selection.

There were some that Johan knew like ales, honey liquor and wine, but Johan then saw the whiskey description.

—A strong liquor. As it has a strong flavor, it is generally served either with ice “on the rocks” or with water “whiskey diluted with water”.



Johan decided to order the alcohol with that description.

(And some light food...)

With that in mind, he paid attention to the list of food on the next page of the alcohol selection.

[Waitress, sorry to bother you, may I order?]

[Yes, of course.]

He nodded and placed an order.

[This alcohol named whiskey on the rocks. And... this assortment of canapés.]

He felt that this light food would go well with the otherworld alcohol.

After that, he wiped his sweat with the hot towel and moistened his throat with the free water.

[Thank you for waiting. Here are your whiskey on the rocks and canapé platter.]





She placed down the plate and glass cup.

[Hou, this is beautiful...]

That was Johan's first impression when he saw the food.

On the pure white plate, various colours were dancing. Brilliant green and pale yellow, pink meat, bright orange fish fillets, black raisins blended with white butter... they all were arranged on light brown baked hard bread.

Next to that, the glass cup was half filled with clear brown liquor with ice the size of a kid's fist.

They appeared shining under the magical light falling down from the restaurant's ceiling.

(First, the alcohol.)

He swallowed his spit and lifted the glass cup.

It was cooled due to the large ice, so it pleasantly cooled his palm that became hot due to his mountain climbing.

(Well then...)

He gently tilted the cup and drank the liquor.

(Oo...! This is really strong!)

It was hot on his tongue and burned his throat.

Indeed, this was a strong alcohol. It could make a human faint if they drank all of it in one gulp.

(And this is delicious.)

He sipped more and rolled it inside his mouth.

This otherworld whiskey was not just strong.

It had a unique scent and complicated flavor.

It was a taste distinct from the dwarven alcohol that only burned one's throat.

(This... it's a waste to drink it all at once.)

He put down the cup with such thought.

Of course, he could ask for another cup, but this liquor was really strong. He would be unable to taste properly if he drank too much.

He wanted to avoid it.

(Well, I'll try this canapé then.)

After placing down the cup, he looked at the food.

Apparently it was a dish where various ingredients were arranged on hard wheat bread.

His eyes enjoyed the multicoloured food.

Which one should he eat first?

After being conflicted for a while, he picked one.



On top was a vivid green Cule.

It was stabbed with something pale yellow.

Johan picked it up with one hand.

(Hou, this is, an egg!)

He ate it and noticed instantly.

It was the slightly sour taste of eggs, and its freshness burst inside his mouth.

Apparently minced eggs were mixed in with the sauce.

(This egg, it's delicious, it matches well with the Cule too.)

This taste of egg peeking from under Cule was exquisite.

Its light acidity, rich taste of eggs and the mellow taste mixed together.

While it was good enough on its own, it was even more wonderful when combined with the wheat bread and fresh Cule.

(It's too bad that it's too small.)

Yes, the cuisine was made for a side dish of alcohol, so this canapé dish was a small portion.

In just two bites, the wonderful egg canapé disappeared into his stomach.

(However, I can eat other combinations.)

Johan, who thought that he didn't get to enjoy enough of that egg flavor, looked at the other canapés.

From the selection, there were two others which had the same combination. Of course, the rest which had different ingredients would have different flavours.

He did not know how tasty they are, but seeing as the first one was delicious, he did not feel anxious.

Rather, Johan reached for another with expectation.

The next thing he reached had orange fish fillets.



(This, it doesn't seem to be cooked... is this fine?)

After lifting it up, he was uneasy when he saw that it was not cooked, but he reconsidered.

This restaurant was honest. It looked like the restaurant wouldn't serve anything that was obviously unpleasant.

Thinking so, he carried the fish canapé to his mouth.

(Un... as I thought.)

It was tasty as he expected.

The fish was soft and unraveled in his mouth, its fat and salty taste entertained him.

The fish had a slight incense of wood. Apparently it was smoked.

(Indeed, if it's smoked then there's no need to cook it.)

As the fish had plenty moisture, it wouldn't have a long shelf life, but it was delicious if it's successfully made.

In addition, under this fish, there's soft white sour cheese, and it was exquisite when it mixed with the taste of fish fillet.

(The next one is smoked meat... hou, the cheese below is also smoked!)



The moment he ate the meat one, he noticed the flavor.

Unlike the previous two, there's sign that it was cooked, and when he bit into the still warm canapé, he could taste the combination of meat and cheese.

From the smoked meat with plenty fat, delicious meat juice and fat intertwined with the flavor of cheese, creating a feeling of satisfaction from meat unlike the previous two.

Drifting from these two was the faint smell of trees. It was very common to smoke meat, but it was unusual to smoke cheese.

But it matched well. Smoked meat and smoked cheese had good compatibility and they elevated each other's aroma and taste.

(...Well, I'll go back to the alcohol.)

When the plate was empty, he had filled his stomach with the canapés.

Johan drank his liquor after eating the canapé with sweet raisins and strong salty butter.



His belly was full, so he wanted to enjoy his liquor...

[Nn!? The taste is different from before!?]

He was surprised by the different taste.

The liquor was softer and easier to drink than before.

The whiskey previously burned his throat, but it smoothly slid down now.

[I see! It's the melting ice!]



He thought a bit and noticed the reason.

Due to the melting ice, the whiskey was weaker than before.

That caused the difference in taste.

[However, to think that the taste changes this much just by adding a little water... what an interesting liquor.]

While looking at the empty cup, he thought about the considerable change in taste.

[Excuse me! I want another serving of whiskey, no, a whole bottle of it! Bring me water too! And another serving of canapés!]

It wasn't a loss as long as it's as delicious as this.

Fortunately, the other side of the door was a mountain hut with a space to sleep. It wouldn't be a problem if he stayed overnight.

So Johan made additional order.

Johan was a drinker.

Therefore, there was no way he wouldn't enjoy this wonderful drink in the first place.

Due to his drinking, he walked through the door with unsteady gait.

[Aa, it was delicious. It's a pity though that there's only one bottle available.]

After adequately enjoying his whiskey with canapés, he made a request.

He wanted to buy some liquor from there.

However, the owner shook his head and replied.

[I'm sorry, but we only sell one bottle of alcohol per person. This is a restaurant, not a liquor store.]

It seemed that the previous owner decided so long ago.

Only one bottle could be bought as a "souvenir" per customer, but no more than that.

It seemed that it was decided after merchants wanted to "stock" alcohol and

seasonings in large quantity.

(Maa, it can't be helped.)

Johan, whose reasoning had not diminished even with the alcohol in his blood, was convinced and backed down.

From Johan's perspective, if the wrong person "stocked" this liquor, they could resell it in 10 times of the original price.

If they could, a merchant would buy as much as they wanted to resell it.

However, Johan knew that this theory was not amusing as that place was "a restaurant that serves delicious food".

(Well, should I bring this or purchase dwarven liquor...)

While remembering such thing, Johan's drunkenness disappeared at once.

[What do you think you're doing!?!]

[This liquor thief! Are you prepared to face the consequences!?!]

With complete war preparation, the two angry dwarves prepared their huge axes.

He thought he would die that day.

(At that time, I gave away the liquor souvenir and was somehow forgiven.)

Johan thought that if he did not do so, he wouldn't still be in this world right now.

While waiting for the next 7 days, he bought a new liquor (this too was delicious) made by the dwarves at their town and accompanied them to the otherworld dining hall to drink a lot of alcohol.

That one bottle of liquor he bought as a souvenir was greatly useful as a gift to a noble that was also a drinker, and Johan's business spread further a little.

Today, he came to request it again.

Of course, Johan wouldn't commit the same mistake as last time.

Johan would stay in the hut for a while. And then,

[Ou! What!? You're here again!]

[It's been a long time! Do you want to drink again?]

The two dwarves entered the hut loudly.

[Ee. May I join you again?]

Johan, a friend who came before, asked with a smile.

Chapter 89

Fruit Gratin



In no time, it was now late autumn.

Victoria who was prepared to eat more breakfast than usual stood in front of the black door that appeared as soon as the sun rose.

(Today, I have been requested.)

Swallowing her saliva, she remembered the “job” that she had taken beyond this door 7 days ago.

This time, she would taste test a new dish that would be added to the “menu”, then she would write its name and description along with its price on the book.

That was the job that Victoria was asked for.

This was a part of the work that Artorius, her master, had undertaken... Victoria was in charge of writing the “dessert” selection.

(I wonder, what kind of confection he will make.)

While grasping the handle, she wondered about the dessert that would be served today.

Victoria loved the sweets of otherworld.

8 years ago, when Victoria first started to visit the otherworld almost once in 7 days, she was asked to write down the dessert menu list as Artorius did not like sweets.

Compared to the sweets of the Principality, no, of this world, the otherworld sweets were far more superior.

Apparently, the recognition was not a mistake, and in the recent years, the number of customers that came to order the confectionaries had become non-negligible.

(According to a story I heard from teacher, 8 years ago, before they started to stock desserts from professional craftsman, the amount of dessert available could be counted with one hand.)

She thought that the most delicious dessert was the pudding made from eggs and milk, but other sweets like cakes, ice creams and jellies were also delicious, and she now looked forward for this unknown sweet. Therefore, she was pleased with the occasional request.







‘Chirinchirin’, and as usual, the bell rang when the door was opened.

When she entered, the inside of the shop was thoroughly cleaned and there was no one yet except for the owner and Aletta who were ready to welcome the customers.

[A, welcome, Victoria-san.]

[Welcome to Western restaurant Nekoya!]

The two people smiled and welcomed Victoria.

[Un, good morning.]

Victoria asked after she greeted them with a smile.

[So, what is the new dessert?]

[Aa, today I’m making fruit gratin.]

The owner told the name of the dish for her question.

As it would be served soon, Victoria thought about the kind of dish offered while

seeing the owner retreating back to the kitchen.

(Fruit gratin... I wonder what kind of dish that is.)

Victoria knew of the dish named gratin.



It was a dish with meat or seafood, vegetables and mushrooms, and wheat noodles mixed with knight's sauce in a ceramic pot, topped with cheese and then baked in a kiln.

It was not as delicious as a dessert, but it was particularly delicious during cold weather so a lot of customers ordered it.

However, she had never seen fruits being included inside and she felt that gratin did not fit with the sweet otherworld fruits.

(But since this is the owner, he wouldn't serve any strange things...)

Victoria was not worried while she waited.

Victoria was this restaurant's regular for several years.

The owner wouldn't serve any dish that he thought wasn't delicious.

Then, surely this dish called fruit gratin would be delicious.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your fruit gratin.]

[Un, thank you.]

As such, when Aletta brought the food, Victoria smiled back.

Placed before her was a bowl smaller than the one used for normal gratin.

[Please be careful as it's still hot... well then, please enjoy.]

With such words, she silently nodded at Aletta who bowed her head and then concentrated on the food.

(It's yellow. So this is not knight's sauce?)

That was Victoria's first impression.



The appearance of fruits swimming with its surface turned brown due to the cooking heat was similar to the normal gratin, but there were some differences.

While it was a point that all of the ingredients were sweet fruits, the most prominent colour was yellow.

Yes, fruit gratin was made using pale yellow sauce without cheese.

So it had baked fruits and yellow sauce.

(This is probably...)

Victoria picked up a spoon.

She broke the brown surface of the gratin and saw the fruits and yellow sauce inside.

She then brought a spoonful to her mouth and licked it.

(...Is this custard? No, it's somewhat different.)

To the sweetness spreading in her mouth, Victoria tried to identify it.

First, the fruit.

These were probably boiled in sugar.

Unlike the firmer texture and sour taste of raw fruits, it was much sweeter and softer than ordinary fruits and its sweet juice overflowed when she chewed.

The first fruit she ate was called peach. Its bright orange colour was often seen on cakes and such.

The problem was the sauce.

A pale yellow sauce used for dessert.

From that condition, Victoria thought that it was custard of milk and eggs used for puddings and such.

(Probably, milk wasn't used. There's a little taste of wine instead.)

Although the sauce was as sweet and smooth as custard, it did not have its milky flavor.

Instead a small amount of wine was mixed, so it was wrapped in the slight incense of alcohol.

(...Indeed, this is delicious.)

Rolling it in her mouth, she reached that conclusion.

Since it was a gratin, the sauce was warm.

It might be the reason to use other sauce than custard as it was used for confections that were eaten cold.

With that in mind, Victoria looked at the ingredients of this gratin... various types of fruits.

Numerous fruits were swimming in the fruit gratin. They were all probably boiled in

sugar.

She would taste them one by one.

The peach that she first tasted was so soft that her teeth could easily sink into it, its sweet scent and juice was strong.

When she chewed, its warm juice overflowed in her mouth.

The next thing she tasted was the orange coloured Michele. Unlike before, this sweetness also contained acidity.

It complimented the sweet yellow sauce and was delicious. Also, the feeling of the pulp in her mouth was also good.

Then there was a pear that could also be found at the Principality at this time of year, it was still uniquely chewy even though it was boiled and left a distinctive flavor.

And the last fruit she ate was one called banana. The fruit was nice and had sweetness unlike other fruits and was not found at the Principality.

According to literature, it seemed to be commonly found at the southern part of Western Continent, but she heard that it was a product that hardly circulated in the Eastern Continent as only a small amount was brought in a trade ship.

None of the otherworld fruits were sweeter than this. It was boiled carefully in sugar water, mixed with the egg sauce and baked.

The slight bitterness of the burnt surface complimented the sweet sauce and fruits; it drew Victoria for the next bite.

(Again, it is not out of place.)

All of the confections that the owner intended to add to the menu were delicious.

Recognizing that again, Victoria kept moving her spoon until the last bite.

—Fruit gratin. Sugar boiled fruits mixed with egg sauce and then baked. The different sweetness of fruits and the sauce were delicious. 4 coppers.

After tasting it, she familiarly wrote the descriptions on the menu brought by the

owner.

[It's done. Is this fine?]

[Ee. Thank you very much for this time too.]

After receiving the menu written by Victoria, the owner replied while nodding.

[It was delicious. Then, I'll have pudding as usual... aa, is it possible to takeaway this fruit gratin?]

While ordering her usual "souvenirs", she asked what's on her mind.

[Aa, it's possible. When it cools down, it tastes different but it's also delicious.]

To that question, the owner nodded and replied.

It's delicious when it's still freshly baked, but it's delicious too even when it's cold.

That was the dish called fruit gratin.

[Well then, I want three of it. I wish for my younger brother's children to taste it.]

It would be nice if her niece and nephew could taste it when they came to play.

Chapter 90

Tunamayo Corn Bread



It was early morning as the sun rose.

At the cold side street, Shota slowly walked while pushing a push cart with “Bakery Kimura” written on it.

(Uu, so cold~)

The signs of summer had completely disappeared and the temperature had cooled down sharply recently. While his body shook due to the cold, his gait was also light while pushing the cart of his business.

His destination was a restaurant in the same shopping district called “Western restaurant Nekoya”.

It was his greatest customer ever since Shota’s father was born; it would buy a huge

amount of butter rolls every day and crustless bread for sandwiches in case of takeaway orders.



(I wonder if she is there today.)

While thinking about Nekoya, Shota unintentionally quickened his pace.

While he had earnestly helped at the bakery starting from junior high school... it was only until last year that he considered the delivery to Nekoya to be troublesome.

But now, he began to look forward to Saturday delivery.

After walking for about 3 minutes, he reached the back door of the building and pushed the button of the basement elevator for food delivery as usual.

He waited while fidgeting for the elevator to come, and as soon it came, he went inside with his cart and pushed the button of basement floor.

This way to Nekoya's kitchen was familiar.

There was no one in the familiar place though he could hear the beef stew boiling while its scent drifted in the air, Shota felt a little relieved.



[Excuse me, this is Bakery Kimura! I've come to deliver the bread!]

He pronounced his presence loudly. Aletta was probably cleaning currently.

[Good morning, Shota-san.]

When he saw that smiling face, he tried to hide his blushing face while his body trembled.

[He, hello. Bakery Kimura, I've brought the bread.]

[Yes, well then, can you please put it here?]

She stood next to Shota to carry the breads that Shota brought.

A fragrance of soap drifted from Aletta's fluffy blonde hair with her usual black hair ornaments, Shota gulped unintentionally.

Ever since last year, he saw her only at Saturdays though it was supposed to be the restaurant's day off, she seemed to be a foreigner though her Japanese was good.

Ever since he had to deal with her, he had started to look forward to the delivery at Saturdays.

(Still, this is a business! Business!)

After seeing the diligently working Aletta, he returned to himself and helped to put away the breads.

The bread and rice were available at the restaurant as all-you-can-eat so there's quite a large amount, but it was finished quickly when the bread was stored in the food shelf by two people.

[Thank you for helping me.]

[N, no, no! It's not such a big deal!]

To Aletta who seemed to be a little sorry, Shota waved his hands in panic.

Then he cleared his throat and fulfilled his other purpose.

[A, that... here.]

When he thought about giving a gift to girls except for his mother, Shota became a little nervous. But he handed a paper bag that he loaded on his cart to Aletta.

[Ano, this is... bread, right?]

Meanwhile, Aletta who never received such gifts were puzzled and inquired Shota.

As it was slightly warm and a fragrant wheat smell drifted from it, she guessed that it was a bread.

[Aa, etto, this is tunamayo corn bread.]

To Aletta's question, Shota replied while blushing.

[Tunamayo corn bread?]

[Aa, this morning my father finally said "if it's this, we can sell it in the bakery" so... that's why, I'm giving it to you.]

To Aletta who seemed to be unfamiliar with this, Shota responded while sticking out his chest a little.

In Bakery Kimura, whose main product were delicatessen breads that were sold to nearby company workers and students, products like chocolate cookies, curry breads and tunamayo corn breads, which were classic standards in line with various sandwiches, were made in large quantities every day.





Even if Shota was better at making breads than students and housewives, he would have to repeatedly remake his breads until it reached his father's standard.

And finally, it tasted good enough to be displayed in the bakery.

[Is this fine?]

[Yes, I want Aletta-san to eat this... no, nothing.]

When he was asked, he nodded, but at the same time, he hurriedly cut himself off before he could say something unnecessary.

[Well, I still have to help out back at my house, so please excuse me!]

He then pushed his car, jumped into the elevator to escape and went home.

[Etto, what to do?]

After that, Aletta was confused by the paper bag left behind.

Eventually, Aletta decided to consult with the owner.

[Hoo, so Kimura-san's Shota-kun was here.]

Listening to it, the owner smiled wryly.

He had a long relationship with Bakery Kimura.

Originally, the restaurant bought the breads from there long since before he was born, and the owner himself occasionally bought some bread from there for his lunch or a quick bite as a student.

And he knew about Shota who was the bakery's successor who was born back when he was in high school.

(Even though I think of him as a child, it seems that he is now an adult.)

The owner who felt that feeling replied with a wry smile.

[Maa, since his father said that it's good enough to be sold, it must be properly made.]

The owner said while preparing the corn potage he made in the morning.

[Since he gave it to you, you should eat it before it cools down. While it's good even when cold, it's particularly tasty when freshly baked.]

He always remembered the taste he ate ever since he was young.

On that day, Aletta's breakfast was salad of raw vegetables and corn potage along with the tunamayo corn bread.





[Well then, let's eat.]

[Yes. God of Demons, I thank you for giving me food. I have received it.]

They sat facing each other, offered a prayer and started to eat.

(Somehow the bread is a little unusual... but it's good.)

There were two breads in the paper bag with otherworld words written on it.

They seemed to be the same kind of bread and its fragrant scent tickled Aletta's nose.

(Well, if I'm not mistaken, tunamayo is pickled fish seasoned with mayonnaise, and corn is that maize¹ right?)

While thoroughly scrutinizing the bread, she analyzed it based on her knowledge she accumulated from the last year.

In the light brown bread the size of a man's fist, ingredients were packed in it.

As she saw it, the pickled fish with mayonnaise and yellow corn grains were mixed inside.

The baked bread was brown on the surface and fragrantly smelled.

Her mouth watered and she picked up the bread.

The bread was still a bit warm as it was freshly baked.

She slowly brought it to her mouth and bit it.

The crispy exterior and the fragrant flavor of wheat.

Just like the other breads of otherworld, this was a fine white bread; its surface was crisp while the inside was soft and sweet.

(A, this is delicious...)

However, the real value of this bread was its ingredients.

The tunamayo with its slightly burnt surface had the soft sour taste of mayonnaise that encompassed the tuna that did not have any bad smell.

Sometimes, there was she tasted something sweet when she chewed, there was probably a finely minced Oranie mixed in.

And then the sweet corn.

Those ingredients went well with the soft bread and it pleased Aletta's appetite, she finished it in a blink of eye.

[Fuu... a.]

After finishing the bread and paused after enjoying the sweet corn potage, Aletta noticed that the owner was looking at her so she blushed and looked down.

It was a habit of Aletta as she used to be poor and struggling to acquire food, so she always got hooked whenever she ate.

Even when eating with the owner, she got obsessed with the bread that she tasted for the first time.

[How is it? Is it delicious?]

Looking at Aletta, the owner pleasantly said so.

This waitress that came from otherworld had been employed for a year or so.

He also thought that it was okay from the beginning, but she was now indispensable for Nekoya's Saturday business, and at the same time, she was a pleasant customer who enjoyed eating delicious food.

[Maa, the bread that Kimura-san makes is always delicious... of course, other breads are also delicious as well.]

Looking at Aletta, the owner suddenly said such words.

Such was the owner's words.

[...Yes, I look forward to it.]

She smiled with a bread crumb on the corner of her mouth and nodded.

TN: Puppy crush sure is cute.

1. Here, the first corn is written with コーシ (kon) while the second one is トウモロコシ (tomorokoshi). They both have the same meaning but this just signified Aletta's unfamiliarity.

Chapter 91

Chicken Cordon Bleu



A certain small regional lord, Gerard Hepken, found the “door” when he stopped in a small mansion, a separate second house, which was left by his father-in-law, the previous lord.

Gerard was the fifth son of a knight household, he learnt swordsmanship at his parents’ house, left the house and became an adventurer.

Searching for monsters and exploring ruins, protecting villages from thieves, preventing a conspiracy that happened in a small country.

At the end of such adventures, he cooperated with his colleagues to subjugate dozens of orcs and hundreds of goblins along with the king of trolls.

His skill of swordsmanship and knowledge acquired wandering the world were considerable as expected.

By the time they first met, he was asked by a righteous old man that was too sick to get up from his bed and was deemed incurable even by a high priest to marry his granddaughter. After he talked with his colleagues, he decided to accept and retire from his profession.

Then shortly after he witnessed his granddaughter's wedding, he passed away in his sleep and Gerard became the owner of the land.

He listened to the voices of the citizens, held parties with other nobles and merchants, and was swamped by paperwork. Although he no longer needed to fight, he still continued to train his body.

He trained his legs by running around the countryside and kept up with his swordsmanship.

(...Yoshi, I see it.)

After travelling from the castle with his horse, he could finally see his destination.

A small but solidly built mansion.

It was something he found while running around the neighborhood, probably built by the deceased former lord who was the father of his beloved Claudia and was reasonably far from the castle, so he started his trip at the morning.

He went through the unlocked door so that a traveler that found it could use it and took a breath.

He took off his coat before wiping his sweat from his body, packed it in a leather bag that hanged on his face and then drank his still cold water.

The water was absorbed by his tired body and chilled it; he noticed its deliciousness when he sighed.

(...Un? Why is there a door in such a place?)

It was one door that stood out in Gerard's eyes.

A black door with a picture of a cat. Although it was exquisitely made, it was a strangely well-maintained door in the little dusty manor left behind by the previous lord.

(...It seems a little interesting.)

As he had the curiosity of an adventurer, he wanted to touch the door though he reconsidered

He learned several things back when he was an adventurer.

If he found something strange, it shouldn't be touched without good reason.

Even if he had to touch it at the end, it should be after collecting even a little information.

Previously when he explored an elven ruin, he was told by a treasure hunter that someone had carelessly touched its door and had to receive treatment from a priest as his whole body became numb after being pierced by a poisoned needle.

(...Let's ask Claudia first.)

With such decision, Gerard donned his coat again and went out.

It was her grandfather that built the mansion.

Surely she would know something about it.

It was at the breakfast table when he learned about its identity.

[Maa!? You found the Nekoya's door!?!]

To Gerard's question, his young wife Claudia, who had not exceeded 20 years of age yet, said loudly in a way he couldn't imagine due to her usual quietness.

[Aa. Certainly there is a door... Nekoya? Do you know something?]

[Yes, I have been there before when my parents were still alive...]

Claudia said with distant eyes as she talked about her memories of her parents.

Nekoya. It seemed that her grandfather found the door back when he was still healthy and she was not born yet.

On the other side of the mysterious door was a restaurant where various customers visited it from around the world and the otherworld dishes were really delicious.

[Grandfather no longer went there ever since I was small and otou-sama and okaa-

sama passed away in an accident, so I don't understand that place much either.]

[I see. Why don't we go then?]

[Yes!]

When his wife tearfully smiled while answering him, her face reflected her age and Gerard's heart throbbed.

[The, then please be prepared. I'll change my clothes.]

He cleared his throat and left the room in panic before starting to change his clothes to a formal wear of a knight.

The two visited that place again when the sun reached its peak.

[Aa... that's right. There's a door in this separate house.]

Claudia who rode behind Gerard on his favourite horse wove her hands around his waist and spun her words nostalgically.

When she was young, they would ride a carriage and she remembered that she would usually come here to eat delicious food with her tough grandfather and gentle parents.

[Aa, we're here. Your hand please.]

He took his wife's hands and lowered her from the horse.

He tied to horse to a nearby tree, grasped Claudia's hand and opened the door.

(...That's good. I thought it was an illusion.)

The moment he opened the front door, he was worried that the black door he saw was an illusion or something, but he felt relieved that the door was still there like before.

[Well then, let's go.]

[Yes.]

Though he kept his relief from his face, he said such words to Claudia who was beside him, grabbed the well-polished brass handle and opened the door.

'Chirinchirin', while listening to the cool sound of bell, they became Nekoya's

customers.

Gerard for the first time and Claudia for the first time in years.

The inside of the restaurant was packed with people having their lunch time.

Various customers gathered to enjoy their lunch.

[...I see, so this is the otherworld.]

Gerard who was more informed than normal people after travelling here and there curiously looked around the restaurant.

In a sense, there were some familiar people like people of Western Continent that he saw at the Kingdom and Empire of the Eastern Continent.

And then there were elves, dwarves, halflings that were called sub-humans and even demons.

The customers of this restaurant, which seemed to be crowded at lunch time, were eccentric and unexpectedly ate a variety of unfamiliar dishes.

Being afraid of the sight, Claudia strongly grasped Gerard's hand.

Apparently she was scared of the huge lizardman sitting near the entrance.

[It's fine. I don't feel any animosity.]

[...Yes.]

After Gerard smiled at her to reassure her, she blushed and looked down.

In spite of her blushing face, Gerard looked around to find an empty seat for two people.

[Well, welcome to Western restaurant Nekoya.]

As soon as they sat down, the waitress who was carrying a coffee noticed the two new customers and greeted them cheerfully while handing them two glasses of ice water.

[Both of you seem to be new customers. Etto, there's a menu that lists the dishes here, but it's written in Eastern Continent language. Are you able to read it?]

[Aa, we can. Bring it please.]

He nodded to the waitress who seemed to be unable to read it and had her bring the menu.

(Hoo, there are so many different foods...)

In the strangely smooth book, the names of a lot of dishes and alcohols were written neatly by a person that seemed to have considerable education.

Everything had simple descriptions, but he had eaten a few dishes back in the Empire before so he could imagine it.

[...How is it, Claudia? Is there something you want to eat?]

[That's right... a, this one.]

When he asked her, Claudia pointed at the name of a dish.

[I'm certain this is it. The dish that otou-sama and okaa-sama used to eat a lot. So...]

[I see. Let's order it then.]

And Gerard decided to order the food that Claudia pointed at.

[Waitress, can I order now?]

[Yes, how may I help you?]

Gerard immediately ordered when the waitress came.

[This, I want to order two chicken cordon bleu. And...]

He ordered the dish that Claudia chose and was about to order wine with it when Claudia spoke.

[I'd like two beers please.]

It was unusual for Claudia to be self-asserting when she ordered clearly.

[Yes. Two portions of chicken cordon bleu with beer. Please wait a moment.]

When the waitress confirmed the order, she left quickly towards the kitchen.

[...Otou-sama and okaa-sama always ordered beer with chicken cordon bleu since the wiseman said that this way of eating is the best.]

Claudia replied while blushing while Gerard looked at her like a rare thing.

[Really, I look forward to it then.]

While feeling a little pleased at Claudia's situation, Gerard decided to wait.

Then they waited for the food.

Before the main dish of chicken cordon bleu came out, they enjoyed their superb white bread and soup, and it was wonderful to see the bright light falling from the ceiling even though there's no window.

While Claudia came here to remember her family, Gerard talked about funny things that he encountered in his adventure.

They were at ease.

Though there were demons inside the restaurant, they didn't care and just impatiently waited for the chicken cordon bleu that "was very delicious" according to Claudia's memory.

While having a good time, they were glad to see the waitress coming out from the kitchen towards them.

And it came.

[Thank you for waiting. Here are your chicken cordon bleu and beers.]





She first placed the two plates of food and then two large glass cups filled with golden ale.

A large brown meat dish placed on the middle of white plate decorated with green leafy vegetables, red fruits and thinly sliced yellow fruit.

It was a big piece of meat larger than Gerard's palm and was still sizzling with oil.

[Please use the sauce in the blue bottle for seasoning. Also, if you squeeze the lemon over it, it's delicious too. Well then, please enjoy.]

While hearing the words of the waitress, they looked at the food.

Chicken cordon bleu.

According to its description, it seems that cheese was sandwiched between chicken breasts, coated with breadcrumbs and then deep-fried in oil.

(It's almost like the Empire's croquette.)



The first thing that Gerard thought while reading the description was the croquette that was popular in the Empire.

In the Empire, Cobbler's fruit, which was popular from aristocracy to commoners, was crushed, coated and deep-fried in oil. It was mainly sold by stalls in the capital city that had many adventurers just like the Kingdom.

Those that were sold in the stalls of the capital city were dry and crumbling, and the taste was weak and salty, but it was still memorable since it's delicious when freshly cooked and eaten with cheap ale that was also sold by the stalls.

(That coating was made with flour dissolved in water, but this...)

While feeling nostalgic about his adventurer days, he cut a piece of the chicken and brought it to his mouth.

(Nn!?)

He knew it was not similar in first bite.

The crunchy coating crumbled inside his mouth, and he knew that high quality oil and bread were used to cook this.

The chicken breast that was easy to decay and did not have long shelf life was carefully tenderized, seasoned with spices and salt, highlighting the quality of the meat itself, and the meat juice contained inside overflowed with each bite.

And the cheese sandwiched between added a nice flavor to the fresh chicken.

He thought that the quality cheese went well with the chicken, and the melted cheese flowed down from between the meat.

The cheese, if anything, had strong flavor, it combined with the fresh breast meat that was lacking in fat to elevate each other.

(This... is irresistible.)

He grabbed the beer he ordered and gulped it down.

Its vivid bitterness and cold temperature like winter went down his throat while washing away the taste in his mouth while chilling his tongue heated by the food.

(This cool ale is superb. Not only it entertains the mouth, it also does so to the throat. Indeed, this is a wise combination.)

The combination of chicken cordon bleu with beer was really superb and delicious.

He drank about half of the beer in one go.

...Fuwaa.

He unintentionally sighed and a similar sound entered his ears.

Claudia also drank her own beer.

Her beer cup contained less beer than his own.

While usually she behaved ladylike, she probably drank it due to her memories.

[...Etto, that...]

[Let's order another serving of alcohol. Also, let's try using the sauces.]

Gerard said quickly while thinking that the blushing Claudia who bowed her head was cute.

He picked up the blue bottle.

Dark brown liquid flowed from the opening and covered the chicken cordon bleu.

Then, lemon. He squeezed it on top of the chicken.

[There, next is...]

He took another bite.

(Wow... this is delicious!)

A strong salty and sour flavor joined the chicken and cheese.

By joining them together, chicken cordon bleu was now complete.

The two flavors of the sauce were too strong just by itself, so it combined with the moderately soft taste of chicken and cheese.

When Gerard seemed to deliciously eat the chicken and drank his beer, Claudia mimicked him and ate the same way.

[Excuse me! More beer please! And...]

[Ano! Another serving of chicken cordon bleu please!]

Claudia's order overlapped with Gerard's.

And their happy lunch time lasted until they couldn't eat anymore.

When the sun tilted to the west, they came back to the mansion.

[I ate a bit too much...]

[Ee. That's true...]

While their bellies were a bit painful due to eating too much, they exchanged words.

It would be hard to go back to their home on horseback as soon as possible.

They leaned against the wall and relaxed until their bellies settled.

[Let's come here again next time. I like the cuisine there too.]

[...Yes.]

And Claudia nodded with a smile to Gerard's proposal.

Chapter 92

Pumpkin Financier



On Saturday morning, Aletta, who was working hard as usual, stiffened reflexively seeing what appeared from behind the silver door in the kitchen.

(Zo, zombie!?)

Appearing from the silver door was a zombie pushing a push cart.

The ashen skin was stained pale yellow and its red stained teeth were exposed.

The zombie slowly came into the kitchen.

[Vuaa~]

It slowly moved towards Aletta while moaning.

(Wh, why... why is there a zombie!?)

Seeing that occasion, Aletta desperately thought while being confused.

Zombies were well-known as they were common in rural areas.

A monster that moved with temporary life granted by the power of darkness to the dead humans that were not buried properly, a monster that administered death.

It hated living beings without exception and attacked people to kill and eat them, it was not a rare existence in places that used to be battlefields and places that were regarded as difficult points of travel.

Aletta herself was chased by a zombie when she travelled from her hometown to the Kingdom and sometimes had to run to a nearby village for shelter.

That's why it was unavoidable that Aletta screamed.

[Wha, what's going on!?)

The owner who was cleaning up "yesterday's mess" at the dining room heard her scream and ran to the kitchen.

Then he saw the situation of Aletta sitting on the floor with pale face and the appearance of the zombie that frightened her, he grasped the general circumstances.

[...Oi, take that off for the time being.]

[...A.]

Hearing the owner's words, the zombie's arms that had healthy colour peeled off his mask.

[...E? Manager-san?)

She murmured seeing the familiar face which seemed to be sorry appearing from under the mask.

[Well, I don't think that she would react like that. I've been told before that "it looks disgusting and we're going to use a different costume".]

The manager said his excuse while feeling sorry.

[Costume? Etto...]

[Aa, it's Halloween now, it's rather complicated and I don't really know the reason why,

but it's a festival where people wear costumes of monsters and witches. So our shopping street has been doing this as entertainment as of late.]

The owner explained the customs to Aletta of why he did such thing.

[I, is that so... so it's a monster costume.]

Even if Aletta asked, the owner also didn't understand the reason well but she understood why the manager was in the form of a monster for the time being.

[Maa, I didn't think that it would surprise you so much. Aletta-chan... ah, that's right. That's not the main subject.]

After clarifying his mistake, he helped Aletta to stand up and took something from the cart.

[...E? This is?]

[Aa, I'm making pumpkin financiers for the Halloween fair at this moment.]

A transparent bag decorated with orange coloured ribbon.

Inside, she could see an otherworld confection packed inside smaller bags.

[Here, Aletta is a regular that always buys the cookie cans. I would occasionally give some presents for the regulars, and to keep their long patronage. So please accept it. There's no need to pay.]

He said such while storing other confections in the cool fridge or the normal shelves of the kitchen.

[...Yes, thank you very much.]

To those words, Aletta decided to obediently receive the treat, held it close to her chest and bowed her head.

And next afternoon.

[So, this, you want me to try this confection called pumpkin financier?]

[Yes, it was a thank you gift for Shia-sama buying the cookies.]

As her older sister went for a long trip and Aletta remained alone, Shia came to retrieve her cookies and was shocked seeing the mysterious confection.

(Really, I don't know how I should remain silent.)

She wryly smiled at the honest though foolish housekeeper in front of her.

However, it was probably because of her stupidly honest personality that her sister left Aletta with the management of the house.

[Maa, if that's the case, I'm sure it's delicious since it's made by the sweets shop that sells the cookies.]



She took it and told Aletta so.

It had been a year since she started to buy the cookies through Aletta, but they were still as delicious as ever.

Although when her noble and merchant friends came to visit occasionally along with a daughter of a high-profile adventurer that was reputed as the best, she was asked about the cookies not just once or twice.

And according to Aletta's stories, the shop sold more than cookies and various customers went there to eat those.

She thought that this confection was one of those sweets.

[I understand. Please wait for a moment. Since Shia-sama usually drinks tea, I have boiled the water.]

In response to that, Aletta stood up, went to the kitchen and came back with the tools.

It was a flower tea with sweet scent and refreshing acidity that was poured from the white tea pot imported from the Sea Country.



It had a pleasant aroma but the cost was too high for a commoner unlike “Shia-sama”, Aletta served it in a cheap wooden cup skillfully.

[Well then, shall we eat it together, Aletta?]

She poured tea into one of the two cups and added white sugar to the tea.

[Yes! Let’s eat.]

She had expected that she would say so.

Aletta who had prepared two cups poured the same tea into her own cup and added sugar as well.

[Well then, let’s eat.]

Shia said so and reached for the bag, and the tea ceremony began.

Confectionary in a transparent bag. It was wrapped in a smaller transparent bag.

(This bag is a mystery. I don’t know what it’s made of and there’s no hole even though

there's knot in the weaving.)

Inside the slippery bag were not cookies.

Even this bag alone, a magician who loved strange things would like to buy it.

Coming out from inside were confections in the shape of a box. They were apparently called pumpkin financiers.



(Etto, this is baked goods... right?)

It was much softer and confusing than the cookies, and when she pinched it between her fingertips, she could see that it's a bit different from other sweets that she knew.

It was decorated with pale green seeds, and beneath the brown baked surface, the content was pale reddish yellow in colour.

When she smelled it, it did not have strong scent.

(Surely it's delicious.)

Her mouth watered and Shia took a bite... she confirmed that it was as delicious as she expected and her face loosened.

The confection was slightly crunchy on the surface, but overall it was much softer than the cookie.

It crumbled in her mouth as if it was melting.

The first thing she tasted was the flavor of oil with strong sweetness... it was the flavor of butter.

This confection called financier seemed to be made with lots of butter.

From the financier that was made with moderate amount of sugar, she could taste the sweetness that seeped out with the fragrant smell of savoury baked butter.

(This sweetness, it's not much but... it's delicious.)

Perhaps it was the taste of the ingredient used in the confection.

Unlike the sweetness of fruits, she could feel sweetness different from sugar.

It's like a vegetable flavor, but it also had a different sweetness and entertained Shia.

And while eating it, the green seeds provided crunchy texture.

It had a taste of salt that lasted only for a while.

The salty flavor surprised her tongue but it's not uncomfortable as it allowed her to fully enjoy the sweetness.

On the contrary, she could feel that the sweetness was elevated and felt like she could eat as much as she wanted.

[Ano... how does it taste, Shia-sama?]

After Aletta called her, Shia noticed she had been drawn in by the taste and had fallen silent when she enjoyed the taste, and Shia instinctively swallowed the financier in her mouth.

In a hurry, she drank the tea and smiled at Aletta.

[It's very tasty of course. Indeed, the pattisier that made this sweet is a genius... please eat it, there's no need to restrain yourself.]

Unlike usual, her older sister with glutton disposition was not here.

Usually, her tea ceremonies were a matter of everyday things to her friends formed by their parents' relationship, but it was not bad to occasionally enjoy it with such a friend.

She reached for a second pumpkin financier in front of her while feeling satisfied to see the smiling Aletta.

Chapter 93

Onion Gratin Soup



When she arrived at the restaurant, she would drink otherworld alcohol as much as she could.

It was how Bridget, a high priestess of light that had sent many spirits back to the netherworld since young age and had a nickname of “dwarf killer”, enjoyed the otherworld dining hall.

In the evening, around the end of a simple dinner, the sun had completely set and the priestesses that she watched went back home.

After the director of the monastery had passed away, Bridged headed to the place that only the director was allowed to use and went through the magic door that appeared at that place.

‘Chirinchirin’, as she listened to the sound, she went inside the restaurant.

A western warrior that loved bird meat as his alcohol accompaniment, an old dwarf woman of Western Continent that preferred fish dishes as hers but drank as much as Bridget, and the great sage of Kingdom that always ate roast cutlets with ale.

Certainly, they were Bridget’s “drinking companions”.

(Fumu, not today, huh.)

Maybe they were not coming or they had already gone home, but unfortunately they were not here today.

After the evening, there were not much customers in the restaurant and the remaining customers concentrated on their food.

(Oh well, there’s no helping it.)

While drinking with companions that she didn’t mind was nice, drinking quietly was also a good thing.

Thinking that way, she went to one of the clean tables and gently sat down.

[Welcome. Are you ready to order?]

Then the old man with strong life force that’s withering... the owner of the restaurant came and asked for Bridget’s “order”.

[Well, I suppose I’ll be ordering wine today. I’m in the mood for white wine. Then I want a dish to accompany it.]

For the moment, she ordered the otherworld wine and asked for something simple.

[Okay. I’ll prepare the oiled sardines... that is fish pickled in oil.]

The owner thought about what he could cook with the ingredients left in the pantry, picked a side dish that suited her requested alcohol and went to the kitchen.

Then he came back and placed it before Bridget.



A cup of glass with thin leg, the “white” wine with yellowish white colour, and a small bread to eat with the fish meat and white cheese.

[Umu, this is it.]

Bridget was satisfied with the meal in front of her and wiped her hands with the hot cloth before picking up the glass cup.

The refreshing fruit incense of the wine tickled her nose and the alcoholic beverage containing little sweetness and sourness moistened her throat.

Then she reached out to the side dish and enjoyed the fish rich in oil and the taste of

cheese softer than normal cheese, while wrapping it all up with white wine.

‘Hoo’, a breath leaked from her mouth due to her satisfaction with the combined taste.

Bridget, who had already finished eating, had too much ordinary food.

That’s why Bridget preferred her side dishes to be light, like salted boiled beans or raw vegetable sticks, prioritizing only the alcohol of this restaurant.



[Owner, next liquor... I would like to order Japanese sake. I think cold sake fits well with this side dish.]



That alcohol had a different fruity fragrance than wine, and it fit well with fish.

[Okay. Isn't it poisonous for the body if you drink too much?]

The owner added a word of advice while carrying the liquor.

[Umu, it does not matter if it's only once in 7 days. Maa, I'll be careful though. And besides, haven't I reduced the amount of alcohol I drank? The liquors of this restaurant are just too good.]

To the owner's words, Bridget jokingly replied.

But that was a fact.

As a former heavy drinker, one of her forgiven vices was to drink alcohol every supper, but recently she almost never drank alcohol unless she was invited to a party.

Delicious alcohol became even more delicious when she endured.

After that, she refrained from drinking alcohol for this once in 7 days' time.

[That's true. Well, enjoy yourself.]

The owner replied with a smile as if he was relieved by her words.

[Aa, I'll do that.]

Bridget smiled again and continued her drinking.

(Umu, it's delicious. Alcohol is my life's moisture after all.)

She sincerely thought that it was good that she did not belong to the "abstinence faction".

Though the pope was accomplished in defeating the demons and demon king that worshipped the Evil God, the abstinence faction disliked him who was in a position to lead the priests and priestesses that were subordinates of the Goddess, she heard that the abstinence faction spent their lifetime in training without knowing the pleasures of the world.

Back when the pope was still the high priest of the hero party, the abstinence faction used to be the mainstream of the Light religion, but now he was the spokesperson of the Light Goddess.

For Bridget who belonged to the "enjoyment faction" that underwent the trial of enjoyment for a year as a matter of course, it was a slightly unbelievable old story.

(...Well then, slowly.)

After that, she enjoyed the single cup of otherworld alcohol and was thinking of finishing it for today.

[Owner, sorry, but... I would like to finish soon. Well then, I would like to order onion gratin soup for the end.]

[Okay. It takes a bit of time to serve, is that fine?]

To Bridget's usual order after several servings of alcohol, the owner nodded.

[Aa, it's fine. Since I'm drinking while waiting, I have no problem.]

She affirmed her order while drinking a glass of brown whiskey with clear ice.



After their usual conversation, Bridget slowly drank her last cup of the day.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your onion gratin soup.]

As she placed down her empty glass, the owner almost simultaneously brought her order.

A small bowl filled with brown Oranie soup and topped with bread and cheese.



The soup was Bridget's last order after she drank plenty of alcohol.

(Well then, let's eat.)

She grabbed a well-polished silver spoon, and while being careful not to touch the hot bowl, Bridget avoided the Oranie and scooped up only the soup.

The soup on the silver spoon was clear dark brown without murkiness and had fragrant aroma.

She drank the soup so that it could be poured into her body that was thirsty from drinking alcohol.

(...Umu, this hits the spot.)

Clear soup without murkiness containing strong flavours of vegetable and meat slid over her tongue.

This one spoon of soup was more delicious than the various treats she enjoyed during her year of enjoyment.

To that flavor, Bridget mindlessly smiled.

The first spoonful of onion gratin soup was only the soup.

That's the way she summed up the flavor of her dish.

From the next spoonful, she also scooped the onions.

Sliced Oranie was included in large amount into the soup before baked with bread.

Now, she would taste it.

The thinly sliced Oranie had absorbed plenty of the soup.

When she brought it to her mouth, the sweetness of Oranie and flavor of soup blended in her mouth, overflowing, and left its fine taste on her tongue while disappearing into her stomach.

'Hoo', a sigh leaked from her mouth after she swallowed.

After enjoying the soup sufficiently, she decided to eat the bread that could be regarded as the protagonist of the onion gratin soup.

A piece of bread with melted cheese on top.

It was soft as it absorbed the soup and could be easily cut with the spoon.

The bread was dyed brown by the soup with pale yellow melted cheese on top of it.

She brought it to her mouth and chewed on it, the soup it absorbed overflowed in her mouth.

The finest soup, the soft bread, and the greasy flavor of cheese were blatantly conveyed to Bridget.

(Aa, how delicious. This is the best after all.)

Thus, only when she tasted this onion gratin soup, it was as if she drank alcohol in this one spoonful.

And when she drank the last spoonful of soup, her quiet and enjoyable night slowly ended.

She paid the money and left the restaurant.

On the way back to her room where there's no bright light like the restaurant, she suddenly thought while paying attention so that she did not fall down.

(...In any case, that door will be entrusted to a successor.)

Although Bridget looked young, she's actually much older.

She did not know whether she would further advance her rank or retire, but the day when she would retire from this monastery would come and she would have to surrender the door to the next high priest.

(Well, there's nothing I can do even if I think about it.)

She was a little interested in how the next priest would handle the door while Bridget gently entered her room so as to not make a sound.

Chapter 94

Carpaccio Once Again



As he was off-duty during Satur's day, Heinrich, who came to the otherworld dining hall from daytime, was watching certain customers while eating fried shrimp.

[A, this fish, it's more delicious than usual! Give me more of this!]

[Aa, Iris, don't be so noisy! Excuse me, I would like to order the same thing.]

It was a pair of customers that were loudly eating their food.

At first glance they looked like two girls, but it seemed that the customers with wings growing from their back were a pair of male and female from the way they talked.

(Still, is it safe to eat raw fish? Is it because they're monsters?)

Heinrich, born in a lord's house of a seaside town of the Principality, knew that the

two were sirens who were feared as the monsters of the sea.

Living on the seashore, as a bird-like monster, it made sense for them to eat fish. He had never heard of sirens using fire, so it's natural for them to eat raw fish.

In Heinrich's hometown, fish was a food that shouldn't be eaten raw.

It's boiled, grilled, dried with its viscera removed or smoked.





Anyway, it's not eaten raw. Children were often told that insects lurked in fishes that were not cooked well or rotten poisonous fish would affect their bellies and cause them to die.

(But it looks really delicious.)

On the other hand, Heinrich thought so while finishing his fried shrimp.

Yes, it looked really delicious. Even though raw fish was an aberrant cuisine.

What is the most delicious food in otherworld dining hall?

The answer changed greatly depending on who was asked.

Some say that deep-fried meat dishes were the most delicious, some customers said that it was this restaurant's fresh and tasty mushrooms and vegetables.

There were some that said bread was the hidden main lead, others said that rice reigned supreme.

Customers came at noon to enjoy main courses, some customers said that it's best to come at late afternoon to enjoy desserts with tea, some customers said that it's best to come during the evening to enjoy the alcohol.

And according to Heinrich, the real value of this restaurant lied in the abundant fish and seafood.

Those easily perishable Schripes were fresh, coated in breadcrumbs and cooked in innovative way.



Besides, the wonderful taste of tartar sauce brought out its taste.

And the otherworld was the only place that he knew that served it.

(...Considering so, is it possible for raw fish to be delicious in this restaurant?)

Thinking that far, Heinrich suddenly noticed it.

While the ones that ate it were definitely monsters, but the owner was definitely a human boasting wonderful cooking skills though he was from another world.

The dishes made by the owner were definitely something that he considered to be a fine dish that could be sold.

(No, no, the owner made noodle dish with rotten elf bean sauce for the elves, so it's probably exclusive for monsters.)



He stood up to shake off his curiosity.

During lunchtime, there's an elven swordsman who visited the restaurant and two female elves who visited with a woman that looked like a human magician.

Only the elves could eat something that used rotten beans deliciously.

It was at that time he shook off his curiosity about raw fish cuisine.

[Yahoo-! We're here-!]

[It's been a while-! How have you been?]

'Chirinchirin', with the sound of bell, two new customers came inside loudly.

Taking down the hood of cloak that was coated with sand, they were two children with curly hair, pointed ears and sunburned skin.

[We heard that there's a door in the dessert from a jii-chan and baa-chan! So we're here!]

[We want water for the time being! We're thirsty~!]

(They're... halflings.)

Looking at the two hurriedly sitting down on a table next to Heinrich, he identified their race.

This couple were halflings, the eternal wanderers that resembled children, Pikke and Pakke were laughing while looking at the scenery of otherworld dining hall which was familiar in a sense with the Western Continent.

[Welcome. It has been a long time. Here are your water and hot towels.]

Aletta brought a jug of water and two towels while directing a smile towards the two people that were taking off their cloaks, causing sand to rain down to the floor.

[Thanks-!] [Un, un, it will be nice to clean up!]

They wiped their hands and faces with the towel and drank the water in one gulp while chattering noisily.

Then after a breath, they contrived to fill their empty stomachs quickly.

[Since it's been a while, let's eat a lot, Pakke!] [Un! I want to eat a lot!]

When they looked around the restaurant, they saw two female-like creatures who were eating deliciously.

[Un! First, give us that for Pakke and I!]

[I see! It's salmon season right now! It's delicious! Salmon!]

Pikke pointed at the dish they were eating.

In the desert that's hot all year long, the sense of season was lost, but these sharp-sighted couple saw the orange flesh of the fish and knew the current season.

Fish of otherworld called salmon was often served at Nekoya during autumn and winter.

It was a fish with distinctive taste, which was different from both the fishes with rich red meat and the white fishes, and they both knew that it's delicious even when eaten raw as it was rich in oil.

[Yes, that's smoked salmon carpaccio. Please wait a moment.]



It was when she was on the way to the kitchen to answer the two's order.

[A~, excuse me. You're called Aletta? That carpaccio, I would like to order it too.]

[Yes? ...Okay, please wait a moment.]

Heinrich finally called Aletta and ordered carpaccio too.

Even if monsters were unaffected, but if the discerning tongues of halflings who had eaten a wide variety of this restaurant's food said that it was delicious, then it shouldn't be poisonous.

When thinking so, Heinrich no longer had a reason to hesitate.

And soon the dish was delivered to Heinrich.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your smoked salmon carpaccio with cream cheese.]



Together with such words, on top of the plate was pure white cheese scattered on the orange coloured fish meat with sliced Oranie and white sauce.

(As I thought, it's raw...)

Heinrich thought that the meat of the fish called salmon was different from the meat of cooked fish; it had a sense of transparency that it was raw when he lifted one slice up with his fork.

[Un! Delicious!] [Freshness is not limited to just raw fish after all! It's smoked!]

While ignoring the loudness of the table beside him, he pierced a piece of fish with cheese and lifted it.

On top of the orange-coloured fish meat was vivid white cheese that did not preserve for long.

And with the meat was thinly cut transparent Oranie.

As he was filled to the brim with expectation and nervousness, he carried it to his mouth.

(...Oo, it's delicious, it's really delicious!)

The moment he ate it, Heinrich sighed within his heart.

The raw fish meat that he ate for the first time since he was born had different texture

from cooked fish, it did not break down even when he chewed and was torn to pieces instead.

And the oil contained in the fish overflowed.

It certainly had the smell of fish, but the fishy scent of raw fish was absent and it went familiarly with the umami of the fish.

And the combination of Oranie and fresh cheese complimented the fish.

The cheese had different acidity than the sauce and Oranie's vivid spicy pungent taste.

These two complimented the strong taste of fish.

(...However, to think that tartar sauce also fits with raw fish.)

And the white sauce poured on top in a line. It was wonderful.

Since he had been continuously visiting this restaurant, Heinrich quickly knew its identity after eating it with fried shrimp and fried oyster over and over.

Its peculiar acidity and smell along the taste of eggs.

There're no chopped eggs and herbs in it, but it's definitely tartar sauce.

It was definitely indispensable for seafood, the tartar sauce.

It was the same even for uncooked fish.

[Aletta-chan! Sorry to bother you, but give us baked bread!] [Immediately! We want to eat this in between the bread!]

[Aletta, I also wish to order that.]

Following the guidance of the loud voices from beside him, Heinrich also ordered bread.

(I see...)



Soon enough, Heinrich was convinced to the taste of the carpaccio sandwiched between the bread that arrived just now.

The wonderfully delicious fresh fish meat, it fit the soft sweet bread and even if Heinrich had his fill of fried shrimp not long ago, that one dish was finished in a blink of eye.

(Well, well, the otherworld sure is full of great things.)

Heinrich thought so again after flattening the dish.

A dish of otherworld that could even make raw fish to be delicious.

He guessed that the gem was hidden in a dish that he had never eaten before.

While feeling satisfied with that, Heinrich slowly got up from his seat and paid before returning home.

Chapter 95

Candied Sweet Potatoes



In the depths of deep, deep forest of Western Continent, Selena felt burning pain on her skin and opened her eyes for the first time in a while.

(Fumu... what happened?)

She felt the burning sensation to her bone, while stroking the burned spots on her white arms, she stood up.

For Selena, who was a user of the technique to integrate with the forest and to divide her life force with the forest in order to make her life permanent, this forest itself was her life.

As long as this forest existed, death due to end of lifespan would not come to Selena. However, once this forest was gone, it would be impossible for her life to continue to spin.

Therefore, Selena tried to preserve the forest by creating tree dolls (wood golems) to prevent the trees from withering.

They would cut old trees that had died and planted young trees instead. They would prune the leaves of tall trees so that sunlight was able to reach the undergrowth.

They sprinkled water on withering plants during sunny season, moderately uprooted grasses that sprouted too much and made sure the remaining plants were healthy.

Like Selena, as long as it's in the forest, the life provided by magical power wouldn't run out and the tree dolls who were not unsatisfied with the care of everlasting remained silent and continued with their work of keeping the forest alive.

But if it was a situation that couldn't be handled by the tree dolls... Selena experienced pain when there was a storm, fire, something like dragons and demons that came and vandalized the forest, she would then stop her meditation and dealt with it herself.

Using the magical power received from the forest, she converted it into old powerful magic in order to protect the forest.

When Selena departed from the center of the forest and rushed to the disturbed part, the forest was stained red with flames.

[This is... a forest fire.]

Selena calmly wondered what was happening, receiving pain that burned the body in a literal sense.

Perhaps it was due to lightning or something had lit a fire and it spread out.

Dancing red flames burned the trees and flowers, scorching everything in its path.

(If it's something of this scale, half of the forest would be burned down if I leave it be, huh.)

It had been 3,000 years since Selena started to live in this forest, a burning fire of this scale had only occurred 5 or 6 times before.

Seeing some of the tree dolls had been burned down, she took some water from the spring in order to extinguish the flames.

[Well, let's end this quickly.]

However, even if she restored everything back to normal, she could only prevent this to some extent.

Selena decided to put out the fire.

(...I see, it seems that it hasn't rained for some time.)

First of all, when she tried to attract nearby rain clouds, she noticed that there's no rain clouds around there.

[Oh well, during such a time...]

However Selena did not rush, she completed the magic to deal with this problem.

For a moment, the air froze, the flames that was burning vigorously had its momentum easily reduced.

(Umu, this is a problem.)

A wide area magic that affected the flow of wind, it took away air from a specific place and could kill those that needed to breathe to live.

Originally, it was a technique that had been devised to annihilate those who had weak magical powers like the giants and people of the Southern Continent, especially those that were capable of turning into dragons, but as air was necessary for fire to continue to burn, she noticed that it could be used to extinguish flames after she started living in this forest.

While carefully thinking such a thing, she applied defense magic on herself while she walked towards the center of the flames and using her magic to choke out the flames.

Eventually Selena reached the center of the burning forest fire and finished extinguishing all of the fire.

After all the flames had disappeared, she felt a little loneliness as she looked at the big black charcoal left behind.

(Once again an "elder" has decreased.)

After she lived for 3,000 years, she regarded the forest trees that she had taken care of carefully as young even to the extent of those that had unusually lived for a thousand years.

After the end of their lives, all the trees that had died were cut down by the hands of the tree dolls, making the foundation for the next growing young trees and material for a new tree doll.

Therefore, only the trees that survived for 3,000 years since Selena settled down were

counted.

The one that was burned by the fire was one of them.

(Maa, there's nothing I can do about it... un?)

Selena shook off that feeling and noticed when she was attempting to go back to her residence at the center of the forest.

There was something black that was different from the black burnt trees.

The black was different from the charcoal, glossy black with a cat picture.

[I see, so today is Satur's Day.]

Perhaps when the trees were burning, the flow of magical power had changed.

Selena then approached the door that appeared in the forest.

(Certainly, there's no shiruko.)



Selena remembered while feeling a little disappointed, reminiscing about the warm sweetness of that soup.

There's still about a month until the year changed. She had heard that it would only be served when the year had changed, so she would probably be unable to order it.

(Oh well, surely there must be something. Lately, many strange things are being

served.)

While thinking such, she opened the door.

‘Chirinchirin’, while listening to the bell sound, Selena stepped through the door and visited the otherworld dining hall.

Faldania causally looked up when she heard the bell sound and inhaled sharply.

(What is that... that’s, an elf, right?)

It was a female elf that quietly came inside as silent as a ghost.

Brilliant straight black hair like polished obsidian and snow white skin.

A woman with long ears clothed in dirty Western Continent style clothes.

[Waa, she’s beautiful~]

Alice who also saw the female elf reflexively leaked her impression.

Alice who just started to learn magic from Faldania did not notice it.

(Such an earth-shattering magical power...)

It was the strength of the magical power that surprised Faldania.

Frankly speaking, her magical power was even beyond the realm of strong elves.

Faldania thought that it could surpass the strongest demon, no, even a dragon.

Besides, she couldn’t read her age.

Not only was her magical power too enormous, Faldania’s eyes couldn’t even roughly discern her age, it was simply too much to see.

(I know that there are many strange people in this restaurant...)

Her only chance was to ask the absent human magician whom she had met recently.

Because there were many medicine materials that could be harvested from the bottom of the sea in this time of the year, she would leave her house for about a month and she requested Faldania to keep watch of her house during such time.

She was told that she didn't mind her using her house if she cleaned it properly and received the guests that came occasionally.

That was a nice suggestion for Faldania.

A long journey with Alice who was still a child of 30 years was seriously tough.

Since she wanted to study about sea creatures, Faldania accepted and she and Alice had decided to take it a bit slowly at the cape house.

And since Alice wanted to visit the restaurant, she was forced to go there once in 7 days.

[The girl over there, do you have a business with me?]

She was surprised by the unexpected elven customer and realized that they were watching her.

The black haired elf looked at Faldania and Alice.

[No, nothing...]

Faldania gulped and shrunk from the strong atmosphere before looking away.

[Fumu, is that so.]

The elf... Selena glanced at Faldania while she replied and sat down on an appropriate seat.

[Welcome. How unusual... sorry, but today there's no shiruko.]

It was the owner, not the waitress that greeted her earlier, that approached Selena.

[Umu, it's a pity that there's no shiruko, but it can't be helped.]

Selena understood that.

It was only 3 decades ago that the previous owner explained to her that it was only made once a year during the beginning of the year.

And she was aware that that day was still early for New Year.

[I would like an alternative, something that is sweet. Something warm would be nice if it's possible.]

However, at the same time, Selena also believed.

Since the customer always changed every time she came and the restaurant offered a variety of food, surely there would be something that fit the criteria.

[Well then...]

To those words, the owner thought about a dish that would fit.

Something warm and sweet.

If it's just that, he could serve hot cakes, but there's something else that's important.



The customer in front of him was a race that seemed to be called an elf.

He did not know whether the elves were religious or allergic, but they extremely hated animal ingredients.

Then the food served to elves must be made only with plant ingredients.

[That's right.]

After thinking for some time, the owner thought of a suitable dish.

It was something served during his predecessor's era, which was not in the menu right now, but he was confident that he could make it deliciously.

[Then how about candied sweet potatoes? It will take some time to make though if it's fine with you.]

[That is fine.]

Selena nodded and permitted the owner's suggestion.

She did not know what kind of dish that was, but when it came to food, the owner had more knowledge and skill than Selena.

It would be sweet, warm and had no animal smell.

[...Well then, I wonder what kind of dish will come out.]

While being watched by the elder of the two elven girls, Selena waited in peace while stroking her appetite and curiosity.

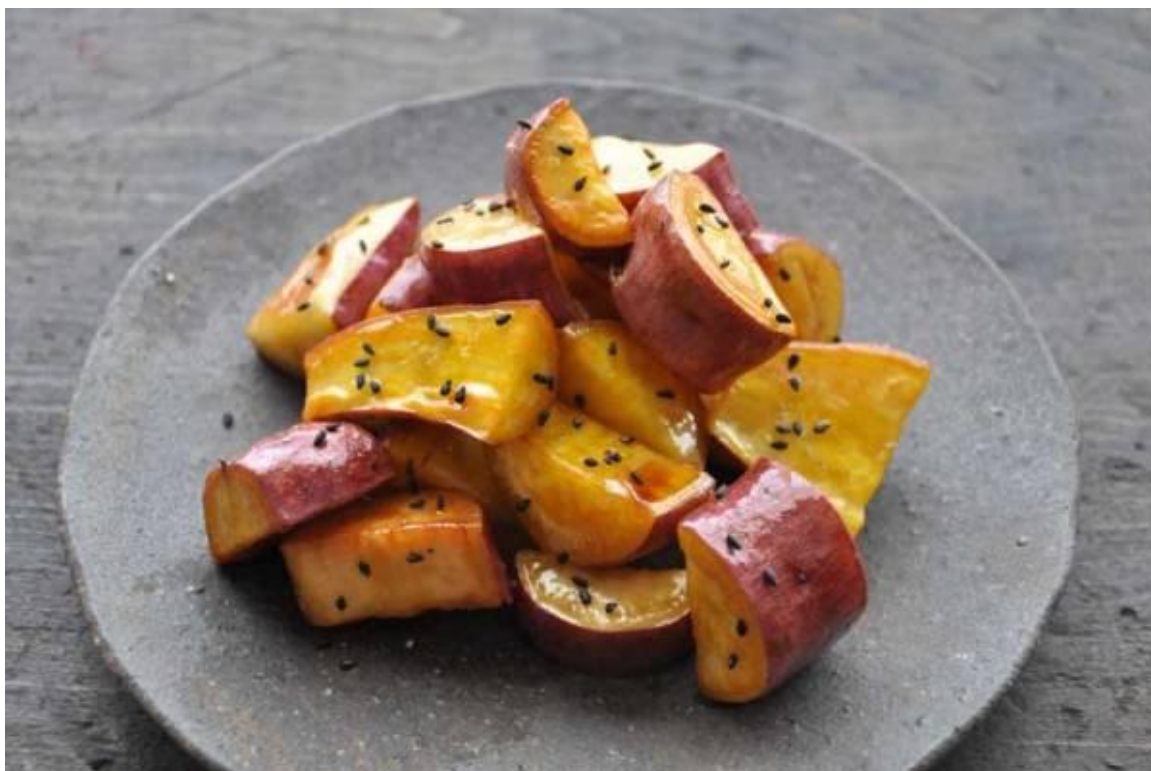
For Selena who spent most of the year in thought and meditation, waiting was never a pain.

The food came after a while.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your candied sweet potatoes.]

The dish was placed before Selena.

[Hou. This is... I see. This candied sweet potatoes used Kumara.]



Selena felt nostalgic when she saw the yellow tuber with purple skin, wearing

gorgeous golden coating with black seeds sprinkled on it.

It was the main lead of the dish, it was a vegetable found in neither Eastern nor Western Continent, and it was a vegetable that was eaten by the terrible followers of the evil dragon of Southern Continent.

(I was still young at that time...)

Selena who continued to live a life exceeding thrice the lifespan of ordinary elves recalled a distant memory.

When Selena was still pursuing her quest in the capital, Selena also went to the Southern Continent.

At that time, in order to complete the immortality magic that she sought, she wished to study the supreme king that was literally immortal and its followers.

Even for Selena, who was already referred as a magical genius among the elves, it was a dangerous journey where she almost died several times, but with her comrades who also dedicated themselves with this quest, she was able to make new discoveries and further completing her quest.

(That Altrode guy liked this if I'm not wrong...)

Her elven peers that liked Kumara brought back the plants from the Southern Continent in large quantities and planted them in a facility that magically reproduced the same environment as the Southern Continent.

She especially remembered that she smiled when the Kumara she brought home was sweet and different from fruits when it was roasted.



(Well, well, time goes around, huh.)

That Altrode died from old age a long time ago.

For Selena, it was a good thing that he did not become a lich, but she was saddened by the death of a familiar person.

(...Well, I suppose I should start to eat.)

She felt nostalgic for a while, but this was food. It would be sacrilegious not to eat it.

Selena used chopsticks to gently pick a piece up.

Simple brown honey dripped down onto the plate.

The still warm Kumara had a fragrant and sweet scent, stimulating Selena's empty stomach.

(It's poisonous even when I'm just looking at it.)

Having thought that, Selena ate the candied sweet potatoes that had been cut into bite size.

(Hou... this is not just sweet.)

She rolled it over her tongue to enjoy the taste and aroma.

Sweet sugar taste and fragrant black seeds, Selena also felt that it contained different things.

It was salty and had a slightly familiar flavor that was probably not originally sweet.

Its taste tightened the sweetness that these candied sweet potatoes were dressed in.

(Umu, such excellent texture... I see, this truly is Kumara.)

Once she chewed on it, it had comfortable mouth-feel.

It seemed that the surface of the Kumara, which was coated in hardened honey with slightly fragrant flavor, had chewy texture.

And beyond the crunchiness was the Kumara itself, which was slightly sweet and softly crumbled in her mouth.

The faint sweetness of Kumara, which was crumbling in her mouth, mixed with the sweet honey left in her mouth, and it became another taste.

Honey that was sweet, salty and fragrant, combined with the crumbling faintly sweet Kumara, at the moment they combined, the candied sweet potatoes was complete.

[...Delicious.]

She murmured one word that conveyed her opinion.

Shiruko was tasty, but this candied sweet potatoes was not inferior and was also delicious.

(Well then, I'm looking forward to New Year.)

When she came next time, she would order this with shiruko.

[Excuse me, that candied sweet potatoes, I'd like to order that please.]

[It looks delicious. I want to eat it too.]

Selena quietly taste the candied sweet potatoes while listening to the chatter of the neighboring elves.

Chapter 96

Grilled in Foil Wrapping



That Saturday was meat day at Nekoya.

[Well, I wonder what I should cook today.]

While sniffing the smell of tonjiru that was boiling, the owner thought about the trouble that popped up every time.

On this day, what kind of daily special should be served during meat day, that was the important question.

Of course, the dish offered as the daily special should be cheaper than usual as a consideration of harmony with the tonjiru soup.

In other words he must choose a cuisine that was compatible with “tonjiru” that was the protagonist of that day.

(It's heavy to match meat with meat. There are many customers from over there who like dishes that are not Western food after all...)

After a while, the owner decided that day's daily special.

(Alright, I'll grill something in foil wrapping.)

Salmon was delicious during this time of year.

While considering such, the owner continued his pre-opening preparation.

The sun had set, it's evening.

Ellen, a woodcutter's wife who lived in a remote district of a small country located at the northern part of Eastern Continent, felt that her hope was about to end.

[...Well, what are you gonna do?]

Ellen caught a glimpse of the "guest" that was illuminated by the flames of the fireplace before asking Hermann.

[Ou, what to do?]

Hermann was also troubled.

[Is this really a place where humans live? Is this not a storeroom?]

[That, that's not true! Our home is normal!]

[That's right! I won't forgive you for saying strange things!]

Even if she closed the window, cold wind seeped in from the gaps of the wooden hut.

He was a boy with good-quality dagger in his waist sash, who looked as big as Kai, and was very familiar with the difference in their positions, he and Bona were engaged in a childish fight, and such a sight was bad for Ellen's heart.

[Really, what should I do?]

[Come on... maybe there's someone that's looking for him, it should be okay to look after him for a while...]

It was late in the morning when Hermann found the child leaning against a tree in the forest which was Hermann's workplace.

That child, whose name was Claus, seemed to be a child of a town mayor or a merchant that sold firewood... he guessed.

In other words, he was a child that had no connection whatsoever with Hermann's woodcutter family.

No one would leave such a child alone in the forest, so Hermann took him home for the moment.

[...Oi, Hermann, I'm hungry, prepare a meal.]

Hermann and Ellen looked at each other after Claus, who was fighting with Kai and Bona, suddenly spoke to Hermann.

(What should we do!? I don't know what to do but am I supposed to make something that I usually make!?)

(Sou, sounds pretty good, but isn't it too late to buy something from the town!?)

They whispered to each other.

They didn't know who Claus really was, but it was certain that he lived a much better life than Hermann's family.

Naturally, there must be eggs to be considered a good meal, but Hermann's family did not eat it every time.

It's not much, but he doubted that the child would be satisfied with hard bread and soup that was pretty much saltwater with pieces of smoked meat in it.

[Meal~? It's going to be winter soon; in any case, I doubt you will regard it as decent.]

As Kai did not know what his parents were thinking, he continued to speak.

[Is that so?]

[Un. Since otou-san is too shabby, economizing? Of course he has to do it!]

To Claus who asked with a surprised face, Bona revealed more of the family's situation.

(Wait a minute! Don't saying anything unnecessary!)

Hearing the innocent words of the two people, Ellen's face became red and she stood up.

Anytime now, she would have to scold them severely later... the words of salvation

were heard by Ellen who was thinking so.

[Yup, yup, that's why recently we haven't been visiting "Nekoya" at all.]

[Right-! Since there's a door today, won't it become useless?]

To their words, Ellen looked at Hermann.

[Nekoya? What is that?]

On the other hand, Hermann and Ellen responded to Claus who asked his question without hesitation.

[Nekoya is a place that serves meals of foreign places, Claus-sama.]

[Actually, there's a door that goes there in our barn... right. since there's Claus-sama today, so let's eat there today! Hey, you, wouldn't it be nice?]

[That's right, let's do it!]

Hermann and Ellen decided to eat lunch at otherworld dining hall while preparing for a painful expense.

In that restaurant, there were many nobilities, some of them seemed to be even richer than Claus, and the cuisine there used plenty of good-quality ingredients.

Claus should at least be more satisfied eating there compared to Ellen's usual meager cooking.

[I understand. Show it to me.]

[Yes! ...But that is a place where we can't go there with such ragged clothes, so please just wait for a while.]

[Very well. Hurry up.]

The two eagerly nodded to Claus' words and hurriedly changed their clothes along with their children's.

[E!? We're going to Nekoya today!?!]

[Really!? Yatta-!]

The children were also very pleased with their parents' decision and helped Ellen to change their clothes.

[Alright all of you, don't make noises today.]

While Ellen desperately wanted to change their clothes, they quickly changed their clothes and headed to the barn accompanied by Claus.

The third prince Claus who had fled to the countryside so as to not be involved in the fight for the kingship of their small frontier country between his two elder brothers was surprised by the ringing sound of the bell.

(What!? To think that there's such a place...)

He was guided by a commoner family that was not wealthy to a strange place beyond the out of place black door.

Despite being located in a basement with no windows, it was far brighter and warmer than the dark barn with its closed windows to mitigate the cold.

There were several tables and chairs and each customer was relaxing at their respective tables.

(That's, lizardman and lamia, that one is probably a high aristocracy of the Empire, that one is a high priestess of Light, the ones there are elves... what kind of place is this?)

Although he was born in a small frontier country, Claus who was taught by books and tutors was surprised by the customers of this restaurant.

[Well, this way please, Claus-sama.]

[Umu.]

He was ushered by the commoners in front of him and sat on one of the empty seats.

And then he was immediately a little surprised when the commoners sat on the same table as him, but he understood that he was being helped since he was still young so he decided not to say anything.

[Welcome to Western restaurant Nekoya! What would you like to order?]

(What, the waitress is a demon! I have heard that this is not uncommon in the Empire...)

She brought a glass of clear water with ice that suggested that it was expensive for

each of them and he felt surprised that it was a demon that came to take their order, he then nodded to the commoner couple who were looking at him anxiously.

[...I leave this to you. I don't know what kind of cuisine is served here. You decide.]

[...Daily special meal for 5 please.]

With Claus' permission, Ellen immediately ordered.

While the daily special was the cheapest meal at this restaurant, it was also delicious, so it was probably okay.

[Yes, it's changes daily. Today's meal is a fish called salmon grilled in foil wrapping, is that okay? Also, today is meat day, would you like the soup?]

Listening to the waitress' words, when he saw the family's faces lit up with joy, Claus thought that it must be something good.

[Of course we would like Tonjiru. That and bread please.]

[Immediately please!]

He assumed that it was something special seeing the couple's happy smile while the children cheered joyfully.

[Yes, please wait a moment.]

The waitress nodded and retreated to the kitchen.

[...And, what kind of dish is this tonjiru?]

Claus who was interested in the situation asked and the children answered.

[It's an amazing soup that appears only once in a while. It has plenty of meat and vegetables inside.]

[You can eat it as much as you like! I always eat a lot!]

They said so with a smile.

[I see. I look forward to it. So, what food is this grilled in foil wrapping?]

Hearing those words, Claus decided to wait with hope.

[...I don't know.]

[Since it's daily special, it's probably something we never ate before.]

[...I see.]

...Even though he felt a little anxious.

Even if she didn't know Claus' thoughts, the waitress came with the food.

[Thank you for waiting. Here is today's daily special of grilled in foil wrapping, bread and tonjiru.]

The waitress quickly served the food in front of Claus.

The smell of brown soup with plenty of vegetables and fatty meat hit his stomach.



The freshly baked brown bread looked glossy due to the light from the ceiling.



And on top of the pure white plate was a slice of yellow fruit and a silver lump.

[Since the silver foil wrapping can't be eaten, please peel it off and eat the content.]

While Claus was wondering, the waitress peeled off the lump.

Apparently this thin silver material was similar to paper and was easy to tear.

[Also, the master also said that this cuisine fits well with shoyu and lemon juice. Well then, please enjoy.]

At the moment she opened the silver wrapping, a fragrant buttery scent emerged from the food and Claus' mouth watered.



The contents of the wrapped food was fish fillet and mushrooms on top of sliced Orange and Cucumber. The fish with pink meat and silver skin was something that Claus had never seen before.

(This is sea fish right...? Even though this is a frontier town?)

Seeing the fish with a hue not found in familiar river fishes, Claus was surprised.

Since this country was far away from the sea, seafood was considered a luxury item.

Especially the fatty red fish that was rarely served even in the royal palace as magic was necessary to transport it to prevent decay.

[...Well then.]

In front of the cooking, the family was desperately waiting to eat... seeing the mother slapping her children's hands to prevent them from reaching for the food, Claus picked up fork and knife.

He elegantly cut the fish into bite sizes and pierced it along with Oranie.

When he lifted the fork, golden butter sauce dripped down onto the dish and the smell of fish without fishy scent drifted. As he inhaled the scent, he brought it to his mouth.

[...It's delicious.]

He unintentionally spoke.

The taste of fresh fish overflowed from the fatty fish meat. There was no smell of rotting fish, just the umami that's different from meat.

Even if it's cooked with fire, the fish was still tender and moist; it was exquisitely seasoned and not half-cooked.

And the flavor of butter used to season this dish enhanced the fish's umami.

(To think fish meat and butter fit together so much... no, it's thanks to the strength of the fat.)

While the butter and the fish fat were two different kinds of oil, they complimented each other without killing the other.

The fragrance and slightly salty butter along with the pink fish meat tickled his appetite.

(I see, the vegetables that are included inside didn't let this umami escape!)

And baked inside the foil wrapping were mushrooms, Caryute and Oranie.

They were also finished in good taste.

All of the vegetables sucked the umami of the fish and butter, and so the flavours that were found not just in mushrooms and Oranie had been inhabited firmly.

(Oh right, I heard that it's good to add shoyu and lemon juice.)

After enjoying it for a long time, Claus remembered the waitress' words.

Lemon was this yellow fruit.

[Excuse me, which one is shoyu?]

After guessing that one of the bottles on the table was probably shoyu, he asked the commoner family who were mainly eating the soup with bread.

[A... the blue bottle is the shoyu.]

The mother reacted to Claus' words and handed the bottle to him.

[Umu...]

However, Claus was also engrossed with enjoying the food in front of him, so he didn't mind.

He poured the shoyu from the blue bottle and squeezed the lemon.

(It doesn't look as good anymore...)

When the black liquid stained the food, he felt a little anxious, but then he remembered how delicious the cuisine turned out to be.

(Wow! Isn't this indispensable for the cuisine!?)

The sourness of the yellow fruit tightened the overall taste while the salty black water complimented the flavor of the fish.

There was a sign that they could damage the balance of the dish if too many were added, but unless such a mistake was made, a different taste of the cuisine was literally created.

[Aa, it's delicious.]

Claus who had finished all of the salmon was satisfied.

He then tried the soup that was served along with the food... and was surprised once again.

(Eh!? Isn't this soup really exquisite!?)

The countless vegetables and fatty pork meat, the fragrant butter, and its unique fragrant seasoning.

The soup that was the combination of all of that was as delicious as the salmon that he just ate.

(And how is this bread so delicious!?)

The bread served on the side was so soft and sweet, Claus had never eaten such fine

white bread before.

The commoner male raised his voice as if he had forgotten the existence of Claus who was surprised by the bread and soup.

[The bread and soup, another serving please! This is not enough at all!]

[A, me too!]

[Same here!]

[I also want!]

Right, they could eat the bread and soup as much as they wanted.

[I, I also want that!]

Urged by their words, Claus also said raised his voice loudly though it betrayed his etiquette.

[Yes! Please wait a moment!]

The waitress who was a bit far away replied to their words clearly.

[I am indebted to you both, Hermann, Ellen.]

[Not at all!]

[That's right! This is just a matter of course!]

After they returned home and were relaxing, his knight escorts finally found Claus and came rushing.

At first it was a dangerous scene since they almost unsheathed their blades, but the situation was diffused and Claus returned home safely.

[I'll deliver my thanks at a later date. Please look forward to it.]

Claus smiled at Hermann and Ellen, and said his promise.

At a later date, a brand new axe was delivered to Hermann and they were greatly surprised by it, but that's a story for the future.

Chapter 97

Shrimp Doria



The Alphaid trading company was a major power of Eastern Continent which was originally born at the Kingdom.

Although it had been around for several hundred years, it was a trading company which just started to trade wheat from every area of the Kingdom since several decades ago.

The predecessor of the Alphaid Company, Thomas Alphaid, was a genius. When he decided to retire, he had already largely expanded the business into the Kingdom's leading company in just a few decades while devising a plan to diffuse the quarrel between siblings.

While displaying his shrewdness, he entrusted the company to his eldest son... and in order to settle the dispute for the next head of the company between his second son and eldest daughter, he decided to entrust them with the branch company at the capital city of Empire and capital city of Principality that he created with a great sum of money generated by the Alphaid Company at their origin country of the Kingdom.

Thus, the Alphaid Company, which only existed at the capital city originally, was divided into three branches. The branch of Principality with long history of tradition and the branch of Empire that kept on advancing with tremendous momentum. Hence, the inheritance dispute itself disappeared and the company regained its stability.

...Although the consciousness of “The Alphaid Company that I govern is the true Alphaid company” was born in exchange for their intense rivalry.

And now, the Empire branch of Alphaid Company was about to experience a turning point.

In one of the residences of a noble of the Empire where the number of aristocracy was extremely few for a country of that size, aristocrats from other countries were gathering.

The story was heard from an ambassador of another country in a place where the fragrance of expensive spice was spreading, and the one person ordered by her mother to come to this mansion was the next head of the Empire branch of Alphaid Company, Linda Alpaid, who unintentionally asked for clarification.

[A, a dish made using rice, is it?]

The ambassador with brown skin that came from a desert country of the far Western Continent... nodded to confirm Linda's question.

[That's right. This is an important secret of our country... in the near future, His Highness Prince Sharif, our crown prince, will visit this capital city.]

Her expression and voice were firmly tightened by thinking about the future.

Linda unconsciously fortified her body while listening to the full details of the story.

Anyhow, an extremely important discussion was advancing in the Empire and Sand Country.

It was not an exaggeration to say that this discussion would decide the future of the Empire and the Sand Country, and it was judged to be too overwhelming by an ambassador of a country.

Therefore, it was said that the crown prince of the Sand Country came as the representative of the king of Sand Country and was able to directly discuss with the emperor of the Empire.

[His Highness Sharif will stay at the imperial palace during the length of his stay as a general rule and will eat the Empire's cuisine. However, he would get tired with just the Empire's cuisine, and even the daytime of the Empire is as cold the nighttime of our Sand Country with its harsh environment. Therefore...]

[I have to prepare a dish that resemble the Sand Country's cuisine, isn't it.]

As the next head of the company, Linda had the same shrewdness as her mother who was the current head.

From the story she heard so far, she could understand what she was asked for.

[Umu. I've heard that you are also familiar with the cuisine of Sea Country. That's why you should be able to prepare the cuisine of our country... this is too fast to prepare our own chef.]

After muttering so, the ambassador regrouped his mind and rang a bell while calling loudly. {TN: The author did not specify the ambassador's gender so I use 'he'}

[Aisha! Aisha! Come here!]

After he called, a woman came.

(Hee... this is the middleman.)

She looked to be two years younger than Linda. A young woman who was the daughter of the ambassador was accompanied by a butler of Empire descent.

She wore white dress with lots of fabric to accommodate the Empire's cold weather, she had black hair and eyes and her brown skin showed that she came from Sand Country.

[Please show it to this guest. Isn't the day today?]

[Yes. Today is definitely Satur's day, otou-sama.]

After having a conversation that Linda didn't understand, Aisha turned towards her

and said.

[If it's okay, how about we have a meal together? ...I would like to explain the dishes that will be served to His Highness Sharif.]

[Ha, haa. Well then, I'm looking forward to working with you.]

Linda nodded while feeling that something was strange.

[Very well... let's go there. Alfred.]

[Yes, ojou-sama.]

Aisha nodded satisfactorily to Linda's answer and called Alfred who was beside her.

[Well then, please follow me Linda.]

[Yes, I will accompany you.]

Linda left the mansion with Aisha.

Linda walked while exhaling a white breath.

[Are you okay, Aisha-sama? Do you feel cold?]

On the way there, Linda asked Aisha who was walking with her butler Alfred.

The Imperial Capital was located at the northern part of Eastern Continent, so it was very cold during this season.

On the contrary, she thought that it would be hard to be born at the Sand Country which was hot throughout the year.

[Ee, I have gotten used to the temperature after a year living here.]

However, Aisha who wore a thick coat with white fur shrugged her shoulders.

Aisha was used to it after visiting "that place" many times throughout the year.

[Sa, we're here. This is the place.]

And when they arrived at the usual narrow back alley, Aisha turned to Linda while internally felt relieved that the black door hadn't been used by any halflings.

[Why is there a door in such a place...?]

Seeing the mysterious door at the back alley, Linda's eyes widened and she couldn't help but to retort.

[Well, let's go. First of all, you have to taste test and decide which cuisine will be good.]

In that way, Aisha took Linda's hand and went through the door along with Alfred.

'Chirinchirin', while listening to the bell, the two went through the door followed by Alfred, then the door closed.

At the moment they passed through the door, Linda felt that the air was warmer and customers of different races were eating food at their respective tables.

[...Ano, Aisha-sama, what is this place?]

[It's a restaurant. In a different world.]

[A, a different world?]

Aisha kept speaking, while she recalled her father's reaction when she brought him here for the first time, causing her to laugh.

[Yes, this is a restaurant of a different world than the one we live in. I'd like you to cook the dishes for His Highness with the reference of the cuisine here.]

When their conversation was done, the waitress noticed the three new customers and welcomed them.

[Welcome to Western restaurant Nekoya. I will show you to your seats. Also, would you like to deposit your coats?]

The two of them were wearing thick bulky coats that would hinder them when eating.

The waitress offered to take their coats off them during their time there.

[That's right. Please do. Linda too.]

[...Yes, very well.]

She was inspired by Aisha and while she entrusted her coat to the waitress, she was surprised by her appearance.

(...Such a tidy demon, I have never seen one like this even at the capital.)

At one point, the experience of touring every major cities of Eastern Continent over a period of several years under her mother's instruction made her realize the abnormality in front of her.

Seeing the black horns peeking in between her well-groomed hair, there was no doubt that the girl was a demon.

In the Empire which opened up towards demons, demons were not unusual existences.

Such as at the Empire's second largest city that was governed by the relatives of the "demon king", there were more demons than humans.

However, this was the first time for Linda to see a female demon with such well-maintained hair and skin like a noble.

(And that costume... although it is strange, the quality of the fabric is too good.)

The clothes she was wearing were also mysterious. The design was too far from Linda's common sense, and if she believed Aisha's words of this being in a different world, the quality of the clothes was very high.

The clothes which were nearly brand new, the fabric was very fine as if spun from high-quality cotton, and the sewing was so accurate it was strange.

Well, even if it's tailored normally, it would undoubtedly cost a year's worth of a commoner's wage, the owner of this restaurant seemed to have considerable whim sensibility.

[Saa, this way please.]

While thinking such, Linda and Aisha were lead to their seats.

Next to them, a noble of Sand Country was drinking a black tea called Kaffa with something white on top and was sitting alone; perhaps he was waiting for somebody.

[Well then, would you like a menu?]

[No. Today I would like to order shrimp doria, so there's no need. 3 portions of shrimp doria please. I might order again later, but that's it for now.]

While Linda was pondering, Aisha quickly ordered.

Linda did not know anything about this restaurant's cuisine, but she wanted her to recreate the cuisine of another world.

[Yes, please wait a moment.]

In response to Aisha's order, the waitress retreated to the kitchen at the back.

[...So, does this shrimp doria contain rice?]

Linda asked Aisha after the order was completed.

Since she was asked to prepare a cuisine with rice and was then invited to a meal, it must be a cuisine of another world according to the woman in front of her.

By connecting the points, it quickly became clear that the possibility was high.

[That's right. Also, this cuisine does not exist at the Imperial Capital, but perhaps you can recreate it deliciously.]

Aisha nodded to Linda's question.

After their bland conversation, the waitress came with their meal.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your shrimp doria.]

As she said so, she deftly placed the meal in front of them.



At a glance, it looked to be fresh from the oven; a faint bubbling sound came from inside the thick pottery dish.

Under the brown pattern, it was filled with yellowish white sauce and something pink was seen peeking from inside.

(Ara, this is possibly... cheese and knight's sauce?)

She immediately noticed the identity of the ingredients except the pink one.

Knight's sauce was a sauce that enabled the Alphaid Company to build up to its current status and was also familiar at the Empire Branch since it had good compatibility with Cobbler's fruit commonly eaten at the Empire.

(It's certainly a dish for our store.)

Knight's sauce was gradually spreading at the Empire, but their company was superior in how to use it.

That's why when she thought she knew the reason she was chosen, she took a bite... and was lost for words.

(What!? This is...)

Its taste was as expected, but at the same time it greatly betrayed her expectation.

The fragrance of melted cheese and the knight's sauce containing faint sweetness. Scattered on top was crushed crumbs, usually used to make croquettes at the Empire, giving out distinctive fragrance.

Then, soft fine grains were laid inside... this was rice. It tasted sweet and was delicious.

This was expected.

However, the part that was the shrimp doria's foundation, it was unexpected.

(Schripe!?)

When she glanced at Aisha in surprise, Aisha responded.

[If it's you, perhaps there's a way to transport it without it rotting?]

To those words, Linda once again realized why she was the one that was requested.

Schripe was a sea creature that's easily perishable. Since it would cause food poisoning once it rotted and released stinking smell, it did not circulate at inland areas, but as it was considerably delicious and there's no need to worry of rotting at seaside area, people from commoners to nobles would eat it at daily basis.

(...I see, they want us to transport the Schripe.)

There was no way to carry Schipe to the Imperial Capital that was located inland. It would be an expensive food ingredient because they must hire a good magician with enough magic to preserve it, but if it's the Alphaid Company which was originally developed as food ingredient trading company at the Kingdom, certainly it wouldn't be impossible.

(If it's without Schripe... no, it's impossible. Without it, it wouldn't be "shrimp doria".)

She tried again and noticed.

The leading role of this food was definitely the Schripe.

The pink Schripe as big as her fingertip was a food ingredient that's a mass of umami.

When she chewed on the plump meat, its flavor overflowed.

It was excellent with the soft sweetness of knight's sauce, and when eaten with plenty of the sauce, it was suitable enough to be called a feast.

Also, the rice that had absorbed plenty of the flavours was also delicious, and when chewed on, the flavours would burst from inside.

The rice, the knight's sauce, Schripe and cheese.

When simultaneously eating them all, shrimp doria was complete.

The hot shrimp doria amused her tongue and warmed her body.

Linda forgot her work and only concentrated on enjoying the food, though she seriously tasted the food.

[How was it?]

After finishing the food, Aisha asked Linda who sighed satisfactorily.

[Ee, it's delicious, truly.]

After saying so, Linda stiffened her face and reported her demand.

[I would like to bring my chef here next time, is that okay?]

According to the information gathered by Alphaid Company, there was an inn at a

small frontier country that sold something similar.

Then, if it's a chef of Alphaid Company, they would be able to prepare it.

...In addition, she was interested in other dishes. If the others were as delicious as the shrimp doria, she wouldn't want to miss it.

The question was a result of Linda's merchant ambition.

[...If you bring me and Alfred along.]

Aisha tentatively conveyed her request.

Chapter 98

Buche De Noel



In the room of Imperial Villa away from the capital, the Empire's first princess Adelheid was lying down due to illness.

Her white skin was dyed red due to heat and she was sweating profusely in a room that was so warmed up by the fireplace that the cold of the winter was barely felt.

Though her eyes were closed, she couldn't sleep well as her body trembled and occasionally breathed hard.

While occasionally wiping the sweat from her face with a fine cloth, Hannah who was at her side stared at her master.

(...Your Highness, please get well soon.)

While watching the princess sleeping painfully while being sick, she was greatly

relieved and slightly lonely after hearing the result of the diagnosis from the doctor stationed at the villa a while ago.

Adelheid was sick.

However, it was a light cold that would be cured after a good rest for a few days.

...Now, the sickness that plagued her was just that.

(You are finally cured from the poor killer, Your Highness.)

It was an omen.

It had been two years since she had fallen ill...while there were individual differences, it was enough time to heal from poor killer.

In the past two years, Adelheid lived calmly while she recovered, and she regained more of her energy day by day.

Seeing the woman who was regarded as the most beautiful woman of the Empire, she now had a lively light that did not exist back when she first moved to the villa, and she began to laugh a lot.

Seeing her femininity increasing as she approached 18 years of age, Hannah thought that she surely would become the most beautiful woman of the Eastern Continent.

Finally when Adelheid managed to overcome the poor killer, Hannah heard her coughing loudly... it reminded her of the gloomy days of the past.

Her Highness had a pale face like the vampires that she heard of as childhood fairy tales, eyes dark with despair, and emitted the smell of death every now and then.

Now that Adelheid was ready to go back home, her father the emperor told her to return.

(Soon, we have to say farewell.)

Hannah quietly sighed while taking care of her sick master.

Despite being delighted that Adelheid was cured, she was still depressed due to the eventual farewell.

Originally Hannah served Adelheid because Adelheid was suffering from poor killer.

Since she was an apprentice priestess that could use healing prayer, Hannah who was the daughter of an old declining noble family was assigned to take care of Adelheid though there's a possibility that she would be infected too, but now that she was cured, there's no need for Adelheid to be taken care of by Hannah.

When Adelheid returned to the palace, Hannah would probably be relieved of her duty since their positions were too different.

[...Ne, Hannah, can you do me a favour?]

While thinking such, she heard Adelheid's question.

[Yes? What is it, Your Highness?]

Usually, the Adelheid who stayed confined in the villa refrained from saying such things, but Hannah felt wonder and slight joyfulness when she asked back.

Seeing her compassionate eyes, Adelheid smiled while her face became redder.

[...Actually, I have an important appointment with my friends today, but I guess I would just be an annoyance in this situation. That's why, can you go and tell them that I can't go there today?]

[An appointment with friends, is it?]

Hannah's eyes widened hearing Adelheid's words.

Hannah was Adelheid's personal attendant; therefore she knew that Adelheid spent most of her daily life in her room.

Though now that her physical condition was improving, there's no need for her to constantly lie down on her bed. However she usually read her books in her room, wrote some letters for her family or quietly sitting while making some embroidery.

Hannah, who had been at her side for two years, did not know that Adelheid had friends.

(Is it someone that she met when she went out for a walk once every 7 days?)

She considered that possibility.

Adelheid had a hobby of going out for a walk once every 7 days.

It seemed that she went through a secret escape path that only the royal family knew as she disappeared without taking her or an escort knight, but since she always came

back by the evening, Hannah was not concerned though she did not know where she went.

[But, isn't it impossible to go out and meet your friends today?]

Saying so, she glanced towards the window.

Right in the midst of winter, a snow storm was raging violently.

It was a weather that no one in their right mind would go out to except if they were some kind of a demon.

[No, that does not matter.]

But to Hannah's question, Adelheid shook her head and denied it, she then pointed to a corner of her room.

At the corner where she pointed, there was a black door with a painting of a cat.

Although it was not possible to confirm whether it was hidden by magic or not, Hannah knew that it appeared occasionally.

She never tried opening the door since she did not know what kind of trouble would occur if she investigated it, but if the door was visible on the days when Adelheid went for "a walk", then Hannah understood.

[...That door leads to the meeting place.

Lana-sama always appears during this time of the day, and above all, we made a promise before. Surely she was waiting there.

That's why I want you to go over there to explain it to her... and to pick up the cake.]

[...I understand. Please take a good rest, Your Highness. I shall explain it to her instead.]

To Adelheid who spoke truthfully, Hannah slowly nodded.

While she was doubtful that anyone would be waiting during this snowstorm, there's no way she could refuse her master that she hold in high respect.

Perhaps it may be a transference magic reproduced by great wise men from the secret of ancient elves that she had heard rumors of before.

When Hannah nodded, Adelheid relaxed in relief.

[That's good... then I will take a short rest. Thank you for your consideration.]

As she said so, she slowly closed her eyes.

[Good night, Your Highness.]

After bowing to Adelheid, Hannah turned towards the door.

(What exists beyond this?)

Her hand grasping the handle trembled a bit with tension.

Until now, she thought that it was a door that led outside the Imperial Villa, but she couldn't imagine what was beyond the door when Adelheid said that the snowstorm outside didn't matter.

But, this was no other than Adelheid's order... no, since she was asked, she would go.

[...Okay.]

After worrying a bit, Hannah steeled herself and opened the door.

'Chirinchirin', while listening to the sound of bell, Hannah went through the door.

Beyond the door was a dazzling room.

(Etto, what kind of place is this?)

Hannah was confused by the bright room even though it was supposed to be dark due to snowstorm outside.

The inside of the room was as warm as Adelheid's room, and it made her unable to feel the coldness of winter at all.

(Tha, that one there is a demon isn't it? What the heck is this place...)

Why were they seating there eating unfamiliar food?

She had never heard of cuisine being offered to demons and sub-humans.

However, she would not go back until she fulfilled Adelheid's request.

[Welcome to Western restaurant Nekoya. Honored customer, it seems that this is your

first time here.]

While she was standing near the entrance, a female that was likely the waitress of this restaurant approached her.

It was a female demon with blonde hair and black horns, wearing a costume with short skirt.

[Yes. Actually I came here on behalf of my master Adelheid-sama...]

As the female demon neared, Hannah reluctantly said so.

Hannah was a genuine citizen of the Empire. She was familiar with demons.

[Adelheid-sama... aa, she was the one that ordered the cake.]

Fortunately, the waitress was able to immediately grasp the situation.

[Ara, if you are Adleheid's messenger, then you are also my guest. Will you come this way?]

And, it seemed that someone overheard the conversation, a voice came from nearby.

[E? ...A.]

It was a girl that said so.

(Brown skin... is she, someone from the Sand Country?)

She thought of a Sand Country merchant described by her brother's letter from the capital city, he had jet black hair, plump body with brown skin and graceful smile.

Unlike the fashion style of Eastern Continent, her clothes exposed her body boldly, but it was made with good-quality fabric and she wore jewelry made of gold, she could tell that the woman was of a noble birth equal to Adelheid.

[Are you Lana-sama?]

Hannah asked with a bit of confidence and Lana elegantly nodded.

[Ee, I am Lana. I have always heard about you from Adelheid.]

[Aa, nice to meet you. Actually, today Adelheid-sama asked me to tell you that she couldn't come due to her poor physical condition.]

[I see, what a pity.]

When Hannah said so, Lana frowned a little and sighed.

And as if she thought of something, she smiled at Hannah.

[Then, will you accompany me for a while? My onii-sama is not here right now, so I have a little free time.]

[Ha!? Me, me!?!]

She was surprised by the sudden offer.

She did not know who Lana really was, but she understood that this was an unbalanced match with her who was a member of a fallen noble family.

[Ee, don't worry, right now I am just a girl named Lana. If we can get along, then that's fine.]

While Hannah was troubled, she decided to sit down when Lana told her not to mind their stations.

It would be rude to refuse any further. It would probably cause trouble for her master.

[If, if that's what you wish. Er, Lana-sama.]

[I don't need the honorific. Just Lana is fine.]

[I, I understand, Lana.]

While smiling awkwardly, Hannah sat down.

[Today, I planned to try the cake called Buche de Noel that I ordered the previous Satur's Day... excuse me, Aletta-san?]

Lana smiled and called the waitress named Aletta.

[Yes, would you like to order?]

The waitress, Aletta, was used to it and asked cheerfully.

[Ee. Buche de Noel, and warm milk for two person please... Hannah-san, is that okay with you?]

[Ee, certainly.]

She tentatively confirmed since Hannah didn't know anything about this restaurant.

[Very well, that's it please.]

[Yes, please wait a moment.]

When Aletta retreated to the back, Lana turned towards Hannah and asked her.

[...So, is Adelheid-san okay? I heard that winter at Empire is so cold that white particles fall down from the sky.]

[Yes, while she is now lying down due to sickness, it was just a cold. I have been told by the doctor that she will be fine after a good rest.]

Apparently, she seemed to have no idea of “snow”, but she was a foreigner, so Hannah replied.

Usually Lana came here with her brother, but now that he was away for a while, Lana seemed to visit here by herself.

While spending her time with Lana, Hannah listened to the story that it was hot all year round at Sand Country and even if it rained, it only occurred once in a few years.

[Thank you for waiting. Here are your Buche de Noel and warm milk.

While they talked, Aletta came while carrying a silver tray.

Milk in white cups with warm steam drifting from them and an unfamiliar dark brown confectionary were placed in front of them.

[Well then, please enjoy.]

After Aletta went away, Lana said with a smile.

[Sa, let's eat. I heard that every sweets here are delicious, so I'm sure you'll like it.]

If she said so, she took a bite... and her face became serious.

[...I see. So other than ice cream, the rest are also delicious.]



Apparently it seemed to be better than Lana's expectation.

(Well, let's assume that it's good.)

Despite the wry smile, Hannah decided to try the Buche de Noel.

The confectionary in front of her was brownish black in colour.

The surface was slightly thin reddish brown, and the central part was dark brown.

And in the brownish black cake, a brown spiral the same colour as the surface was seen.

In a way that's suitable for midwinter, the brown colour was emphasized as it was sprinkled with fine white powder and vivid red large berry.



TN: A combination of these two I guess?

(...It looks like a wood stump.)

It looked like a chopped round stump, but it's actually soft, when she stabbed it with a fork, it sank into it just like the high-quality bed that Adelheid used.

(Anyway, what is this brown thing?)

She wanted to assess it.

The cut cake was a soft baked confection painted with something bizarre.

(...Perhaps, this is something similar to the cream puffs just with different colour?)

Seeing the creamy paint, Hannah remembered the content of the mysterious cream puff that Adelheid occasionally brought.



She was told to keep it a secret so she did not tell anyone, but she thought it resembled the white part of the white and yellow content.

The cream puff was delicious, and it was interesting since it was different from what people would commonly and something she thought that only the princess of the great Empire could acquire, but if she thought about it now, this was probably where Adelheid bought the cream puffs.

So thinking about it, the Buche de Noel which she thought as strange suddenly became something delicious.

Hannah brought a small piece of the cake to her mouth...

[Hou...]

She unintentionally sighed.

The confectionary was incredibly delicious.

(There's a bit of bitter taste... but it complements the sweetness...)

The brown thing used to paint the surface and the swirl certainly tasted similar to the white content of the cream puff.

She was convinced that something brown was mixed with the white content.

The brown thing had a unique scent and bitterness; it gave the white content the brown colour and a bit of bitterness.

And it complimented the sweetness and made it sufficiently felt even though it was much less sweet compared to the luxury sweets of the Empire.

(And also, this texture...)

It was wonderful for the baked confection used as the foundation, which was inevitably tasted after the surface.

It was softer and lighter than any bread she had ever eaten, with a slight scent of Michele and liquor flavor.

And the refreshing flavor of Michele that couldn't be found during winter with the sharp bitterness of liquor suited well with the bittersweet brown dough, at the same time they harmonized together to make something even better.

It might be disliked if the eater was a child, but it suited Hannah who was already an adult.

(Is this, really a confectionary?)

While eating it, Hannah thought of contradictory things.

This was a confectionary, but its deliciousness was so far off of the confections that she knew. She couldn't think that they're the same thing to be honest.

And while considering such, Hannah kept eating until only the large red berry was left.

(Is that all...!?)

She felt that it was unfortunate and reached for the berry... she was surprised that it was a fresh berry sprinkled with fine sugar.

(I'm such a fool. To think that there's fresh berries in the middle of winter, do they use

elven magic?)

Hannah was confused by this, she sipped the warm milk and was comforted by the familiar slight sweetness, Hannah then blushed after she realized that she rudely ate without chatting with Lana who had invited her.

[I, I apologize for my behavior. I did not think that it's this delicious...]

[It's fine. I myself was also concentrating on eating this cake, so I can't really chat with you.]

She did not lie and the plate in front of Lana was also empty.

[But this was just right. If I hadn't ordered this last Satur's Day, I would have to eat something else.]

As if attracted to those words, a man appeared from the back and gave a bag each to Hannah and Lana.

[Sorry to keep you waiting. Here's your takeaway order of Buche de Noel. As payment had already been completed during the reservation, there's no need to pay. As this is a confectionary, please store this in a cool place and eat it as soon as possible.]

When Hannah looked inside the bag, there was a long and thin box emitting a slightly sweet scent.

(That said, Her Highness did say to bring back the cake.)

[Ee, thank you... well then, I wonder what kind of reaction our head chef will do.]

As she could see, Lana laughingly said while looking at the content of the bag with a smile.

[Well, it's time for me to go. Please give my best regards to Adelheid.]

[A, yes. I will.]

Hannah walked beside Lana to follow her and went through the door together.

(...Eh? Where's Lana-sama?)

[Welcome home Hannah. So, did you receive the cake?]

The moment she went through the door, Hannah returned to the same spot at

Adelheid's room.

Lana who was walking beside her disappeared, and she was instead welcomed by Adelheid's smiling face.

[Yes, this is the cake, isn't it? I was told to store it in a cool place.]

To Adelheid's words, Hannah took out the box she received from the man and showed it to her.

[Yes, you have received it... I have to get healthy soon. Because this is a great confectionary.]

The vigor was already returning to Adelheid's voice after she looked at the box.

[Well then, please store the Buche de Noel in a room without fire. I'll get well by tomorrow, so let's eat this together. I'll tell you about Nekoya then.]

Seeing Adelheid declaring that she would be healthy by tomorrow, Hannah felt bewildered.

She was certainly the princess of the Empire and at the same time Hannah was reminded that she was the granddaughter of the great first emperor.

[...Yes, I look forward to it.]

Hannah crumbled before the appearance of her master and responded.

Chapter 99

Cabbage Rolls



Feeling the bleak wind of chilling winter passing through the holes of her frayed hooded cloak that was no better than her rags of clothes under it, Saria reflexively trembled.

[So cold!]

She unintentionally screamed and hid further inside her cloak while looking at the road that seemed to continue endlessly.

(It was supposed to be this way...)

Ever since she left her hometown, she had walked for a long time. The city where Saria

could live in peace was far away, her shoes were so worn down that there was a hole on it, and even when she walked with trails of blood trickling down her wounded legs, there was no sign that she would arrive soon.

(So hungry...)

As she walked, her stomach growled in hunger, she then looked inside her bag made of hemp and sighed.

There was nothing more that could be eaten inside her bag, and at the same time, there were only a few copper coins inside her wallet.

It was obvious that she would dry up quickly if she couldn't find her older brother somehow as soon as she arrived at the capital.

(Onii-chan, I hope you're still alive...)

She thought about various things to forget the pain of walking.

Saria decided to leave for the city after receiving an invitation from her older brother who left home a few years ago.

Unlike Saria, her older brother received a superior protection for fighting and said he would like to test his strength before stealing the sword their great-grandmother used during the war decades ago and ran away from home.

Then he came to the capital and became an adventurer, so he succeeded... it seemed.

She thought that that brother of hers became a thief, but according to a human peddler that visited the village, it seemed that he set up a small shop in the capital, married a beautiful woman and lived happily.

That's why, Saria decided to leave their hometown to rely on her brother.

While she couldn't fight well, she was confident in the robustness of her body and her good eyesight, so she decided to go to the capital alone.

(I already had lunch... I wonder if I can arrive by the evening.)

Although she could hear in the dark, it was still scary for a woman to camp alone.

She would like to enter the capital before that if possible.

Thinking that, she quickened her pace, and at that time.

(E? What is that?)

Suddenly it appeared in front of her, Saria who narrowed her eyes due to the brightness of daylight was very surprised.

A black door standing among the forest trees of the highway road.

Standing alone among the forest trees, Saria could see the picture of a cat on the black door.

(What is that...)

Saria who originally had strong curiosity approached the door and observed it.

Even if it's at the forest, there was neither mud nor dust on it, a beautiful black door.

Saria touched the well-polished door handle.

[...Eii.]

Turning the handle, it seemed that the door was not locked and it opened with a bell sound.

[...Ah.]

Her stomach growled.

The door opened to a bright room that was blurry, so she couldn't tell what's inside.

However, a warm air with appetizing smell leaked from inside.

Saria unintentionally stepped through the door and entered an unknown place.

[Waa...]

The moment she came inside, the inside of the blurred room became clear and Saria's pupils narrowed.

In the room, some people were eating food.

[You don't understand! The cutest grandchild in this world is Sarah!]

[What are you talking about? My grandchild Adelheid is the pride of the Empire and is not inferior to the people of the Kingdom.]

While sipping some brown drink and drinking a glass cup of beer, two elderly male were arguing on whose grandchild was the cutest.

[Hou. Not bad. It's regrettable that you're not crushed by humans yet.]

[Even if you're a high priest of Light, you're having the time of your life. That's you alright. The origin of Umesu that's the recent rumour of the Principality.]

In the vicinity, there was a calm environment of a dwarf and female human quietly drinking cups with amazing speed.

[So, what are you talking about?]

[Aa, Ellen. It's almost time...]

While considering whether to finish the meal or not, a young man who does not seem to live a comfortable life like Saria was about to saying something with great determination while gazing at a woman with similar life condition.

(What is this place? ...A restaurant?)

Perhaps it's a restaurant. Even though she had never seen the cuisine before.

The scent of warm food served in the restaurant tickled her nose and made her stomach growl.

[Welcome, customer. Is this your first time?]

She was dumbfounded when she heard a young male voice calling out to her, Saria's shoulders trembled and she looked at the source of the voice.

Standing in front of her was a young human male looking a little older than Saria.

His hair and body were clean, and his clean white shirt and black pants were much more high quality compared to Saria's ragged clothes.

The young man also directed a friendly smile towards Saria that couldn't be described as beautiful and waited for her answer.

[A, ano... yes.]

Saria responded while looking down... it would be bad if he saw her face.

[Well then... welcome to Western restaurant Nekoya. Let me show you to your seat.]

Hearing Saria's answer, the man tried to guide her to a seat with a smile.

[A! That... I'm sorry. I don't have enough money with me...]

Although she was charmed by the promise of food, Saria excused herself.

She only had a few coppers left in her wallet. That much money could only buy her a cup of alcohol at a bar at the end of a day where even Saria with her ragged clothes could enter.

That's why, there's no way she could afford the food here.

[Aa, that's alright. For a first-time customer, we can serve whatever food on hand for free.]

However, the man said something surprising.

[E?]

[The thing is, the entrance of this restaurant is strange and no one thought that it was an entrance of a restaurant at first. That's why, there are many people who came through the door without bringing any money, and they don't know whether they would like the food or not, so the first fee is free.]

Seeing Saria's surprised face, the man explained the system of the restaurant.

[That's why it's fine for now, so why don't you have something to eat? I'm not boasting, but this restaurant has a good reputation.]

While saying such, he led her to a beautifully arranged table.

[Today's daily special is cabbage rolls. It's good for your body.]

To the young man saying such words.

[...Well then, please.]

Saria laughed a bit.

Fortunately, the food came soon.

[Sorry, it seems that my stupid grandson still needs to more training on customer service.]

It was an old man with gray hair that brought the food. Probably he was the chef, and based on his words, the grandfather of the young man from earlier.

While he apologized, he placed a deep dish with red soup and large green lumps in front of Saria.



[Today's daily special of cabbage rolls. Feel free to eat however much bread as you want, so there's no need to be shy.]

With such words, he also placed down a plate with beautiful brown bread on it.

[Well then, please enjoy.]

As soon as the old man left, Saira couldn't bear to further withhold from eating.

She took a silver spoon and scooped the red soup.

She then carried the spoon to her mouth.

(...It's delicious!)

It was a little sour, but the soup contained meat and vegetable taste.

This soup was unlike the normal soup that Saria knew well, usually the soup looked like water with only scraps of vegetables floating in it, but this one was incomparable to that and had a deep taste when it passed down her throat.

With the warmth filling her stomach, she sighed contentedly.

It was really delicious especially since this was Saria's first decent meal in a long time.

Her hand couldn't stop, she continued to scoop the soup to her mouth.

She got rid of her annoying hood that got in the way.

(This, just the soup alone is already delicious...)

She was a little glad when she saw the green lumps were gradually becoming more visible as she continued to drink the soup.

The main lead of this dish... the dish called "cabbage roll" that the young man said was probably this green lumps in the red soup.

With her mouth watering again, she grabbed the bread at the side and bit it... her eyes widened to its softness and subtle sweetness.

If she believed the old man's words, she could eat as much bread as she wanted with no change in price, but to think that something that was served as an extra had such a tremendous taste.

[Excuse me! I would like one, no, two more bread please!]

She loudly told the young man who was serving another customer.

[Yes! Please wait a moment!]

Hearing Saria's words, the young man replied back.

(We, well then now...)

While waiting for the bread, Saria reached for the green lumps of cabbage rolls.

She cut the cabbage rolls swimming in the red soup with her spoon.

The green lumps were cooked well and she was able to cut it apart easily.

(...This is, meat?)



The green colour was a leafy vegetable. It was stuffed with meat.

Saria scooped up a spoonful of the green vegetable with plenty of meat, she then peered at it closely.

The green vegetable was tinted slightly red from the soup and packed with cooked brown meat.

Following her appetite's order, she immediately ate it.

There's no way she could oppose it.

(...Haa, it's meat. It's really meat!)

The meat juice that overflowed every time she chewed mixed with the sour soup absorbed by the leafy vegetable, the mixture warmly spread in her mouth.

Saria's body became warmer, and joyfulness filled her heart.

Such a lovely joyousness, Saria cut the green lumps and brought it to her mouth over and over again.

Although the lumps were quite large, it disappeared into her stomach in a blink of eye.

[Hou...]

Saria satisfactorily sighed for her first decent meal in a long time.

It was truly delicious. But it's not enough.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your bread...do you want another serving of cabbage rolls' soup as well?]

[Yes! ...A...]

Without thinking, Saria turned to face the young man and when he immediately looked at her eyes, she noticed her blunder.

(He, he saw it!)

She hurriedly lifted her hood to hide her face, but it's too late.

He already saw it. Seeing that Saria had cat eyes with vertical pupils... he now knew that she's a "demon".

There were still many people that feared demons.

Saria was heading towards the "demonic city" of the Empire where demons could live without being scared.

[You, you saw my eyes...]

She timidly asked. While feeling uneasy as to whether she would be driven out or not.

[E? Is that a problem?]

But contrary to Saria's expectation, the young man only tilted his head in confusion.

[...E?]

[...Etto, you have beautiful eyes. It's just like a cat's.]

While staring at the new customer, the young man realized that maybe she was concerned with the slight difference of her eyes, so he said so with a smile.

...Unfortunately, the young man was not good at complimenting girls, so he couldn't say something better.

And to answer that smile, the door opened violently and one of the "regulars" strode in.

[Ou! Katsudon! Give me katsudon!]



[...Ee!?!]

The customer who came in... he was two heads taller than Saria and had a strong blessing with lion's face, Saria was very surprised when she saw him.

[...Maa, a lot of our customers are strange people. Even if he's a little different, he's fine.]

In order for Saria to continue enjoying her food, the young man said such words and gently placed the bread on Saria's plate.

[Again... please enjoy.]

And in order to respond to the customer's request, he went to the kitchen to pick up the cabbage rolls' soup.

Chapter 100

Roast Cutlet



Even when she lied down on her back, she couldn't see the sky.

Finally, Yomi realized that all was over.

—The world, I wonder if it was destroyed.

Feeling utterly exhausted, with the body that couldn't move at all, Yomi's body trembled in terror.

There was a response... it was there.

The demon with enough magical power to be regarded as the demon king was finally dead, with his life as the sacrifice... the Evil God worshipped by the demons and feared by the Goddesses was revived.

While it had a tremendous power surpassing any demons that she had encountered so far, its intelligence was that of a newly born baby, something unsuitable to be called a God.

Filled with endless gluttony, it would even devour the world itself, a **thing** that could only be regarded as a mass of life.

She poured out all of her remaining darkness power, she casted a calamity spell with her sword made from the fang of the black goddess that personified darkness and death to end the ancient existence. At that time she felt a response, but if she made a mistake, then the world would be destroyed and devoured.

(No, it's useless to think about it anymore.)

There was no way to confirm whether Yomi's last blow was enough, or perhaps it was insufficient and the world was then devoured.

The Yomi who lived following her instinct kept away things that gave her pain.

Breaking the walls of space-time, she was on the way to a different world; she could never go back to her world anymore.

Yomi fell down to just above the sea that stretched endlessly.

From the place where only a horizontal line could be seen, Yomi abandoned all of her equipment with the exception of her sacred symbol and underwear.

She then continued to swim towards the direction of sunset for 7 days and 7 nights before reaching a beach and managed to survive somehow.

(At least those three people can survive.)

After she survived, Yomi thought of the three people worth pondering.

Arto who was more intelligent than Yomi and was skillful with magic, Alex who boasted swordsmanship better than Yomi after polishing it over years of battlefield, and Leo who received protection from Goddess of Light that was stronger than the

protection Yomi received from Goddess of Darkness.

Yomi was “made” from the belly of a priestess of temple of darkness and the semen of the most notorious ogre of Mountain Country’s history who possessed robust body, the priestess died when she gave birth to Yomi as she had frail body even if she had tremendous divine protection.

For Yomi, even if the world was destroyed, as long as her companions survived, then “that too is fine”.

(No, apart from that, it’s more important to think what I should do from now on.)

She switched her thoughts and pondered on her future.

The task bestowed on her from the temple, the biggest reason of why Yomi was made, it was over. In other words, there’s no further reason for Yomi to live.

The future spreading in front of Yomi was empty like the sky she was looking at.

(Is it better to end here as it is... un?)

A shadow casted before Yomi’s eyes, and she blinked.

A man’s face appeared before her.

(What, so there’s humans in this world too?)

From the looks of it, the man seemed to be the same age as her and his face was similar to people of Mountain Country, he spoke in otherworld language that she didn’t understand.

The man’s expression was somewhat sad, he then placed his wooden bucket filled with something similar to black stones beside him.

She was able to guess that rather than lust, he was perhaps worried about her who was lying almost naked at a place like this.

(I can’t understand him at all. Well, it can’t be helped.)

Even Yomi who understood the languages of both Eastern and Western Continents, she couldn’t understand his words at all.

Considering that this was a different world, Yomi invoked a magic.

A magic that Arto created during their journey allowed a magician to be able to communicate directly to another person's consciousness.

Although it couldn't read memories or emotions, it was a magic that allowed one to communicate their intentions even with beasts and monsters without knowing each other's languages, and she could know what the other party was saying.

[Miss, if you sleep in a place like this, you'll catch a cold... it's no use. Can you understand Chinese or English? I don't even know German.]

If she listened to his words while reading his intentions, she knew exactly what he said. Apparently he was repeating the same words in different languages.

[It's fine. I understand those words.]

Yomi spoke in Eastern Continent language while exerting her intentions. That's why the man was able to understand otherworld language, he blinked and replied.

[What, so you can speak Japanese normally? Maa, that's good.]

He exhaled his breath while saying his words, and then he spoke again.

[Anyway, you can't sleep in this place. You'll catch a cold... look, the war is over and you're very beautiful, so there must be one or two things you can live on... that's right.

Please eat this if you don't mind. My parent's house is a large western restaurant, and after I ran away, I worked as a western cuisine chef in Shanghai until the end of the war.

I just came to the countryside and bought good pork, and I don't need a fee.

Maybe this is somewhat of a fate, let me treat you.]

The man said many words with an impatient smile.

[...Food, huh.]

Hearing those words, Yomi's stomach grumbled.

Seeing as Yomi did not eat anything except for salt water for 7 days, she felt hungry now.

[...Sorry to bother you, but I'll take your offer.]

When she thought about it, her wallet must have sunk to the bottom of the sea too, so she had no money. She had no choice but to rely on his kindness.

With that thought, Yomi stood up slowly.

For the time being, she would eat.

And Yomi walked while wearing the man's jacket that he gave her.

[Aa right, I haven't mentioned it yet. My name's Yamagata Daiki, it's written the direction towards mountain. Then my name means look for a big tree when searching for shelter. My father said that he gave me my name so that everyone can depend on me.]

[I see. My name is Yomi.]

The man... Daiki, while exchanging words with him, she firmly walked on the land of different world.

(But why is this man so kind to me?)

Why did Daiki, who did not know of Yomi's true nature as "demon king killer", care about her?

...Daiki thought that Yomi tried to drown herself after losing family members or lover due to the war, but then several years later, at the Japanese government office she told that she was an orphan born at a Western Continent and was alone, she was greatly sympathized and her name was changed to Yamagata.

Hearing the sound of taxi stopping, she returned to the present after she remembered the beginning of her long memories.

[Wife-san, we're here. The building of Nekoya near the shopping district.]

The taxi driver told her with a courtesy smile.

[...Aa, we've arrived. Thank you.]

After being engrossed a little bit, she saw the familiar building outside the window, took out her wallet from her bag with wrinkled hands, handed him money and thanked him.

[Yes, thank you. Here's your change.]

The driver was familiar with this process, handed the change to Yomi and opened the door.

[Well then, I await your next service.]

After confirming that she exited the car, the taxi sped away, Koyomi¹ then gazed at the building before her eyes.

(Truly... it had not changed.)

As for the name, the signpost on the first floor had the picture of a winged dog with the words of Flying Puppy written on it.

Even after Daiki's death more than a decade ago, Koyomi looked almost unchanged, she descended down the stairs to the basement while feeling a little nostalgic.

Before her eyes was a door with a familiar picture of a cat and a sign saying "Closed today. We look forward to seeing you again" next to it.

She glanced at it, took a brass key from her bag and used it to unlock the door.

The door unlocked with a sound and at the same time, the magic of the magic tool connected to the door was cut off.

(Well, let's go.)

She turned the doorknob and opened it, 'Karankaran', the sound was nostalgic.

(Aa, this place is... the otherworld dining hall.)

At the same time she went through the door, she gazed at the customers both strange and familiar before her eyes.

(Un, no change after all...!?)

While feeling the distinctive atmosphere and bustle, Koyomi looked satisfactorily before noticing it and grimaced.

(That stupid grandson, what on earth has he brought in!?)

She breathed in seeing the thin difference... it possessed such a thin presence that an ordinary person wouldn't notice it, Koyomi gazed at it with maximum vigilance.

At first glance she looked like a female elf with jet black hair and for some reason wore

a black version of the waitress uniform while slowly eating bread with curry.



However, Yomi realized that it was not so simple.

(That apparition is similar to “Red”...)

Koyomi was convinced that it was almost the same existence as the red monster that started to appear several years after otherworld dining hall was established, a person that did not have hands and feet like herself.

(If it is handled unskillfully, not just Nekoya, even Japan can be destroyed...)

Fortunately “Black” did not intend to do anything, she just continued to eat curry without showing any pretense of caring about anything.

(Well, I have to restore the door.)

If she didn’t restore it, who knew what “Red” would do.

Even if Koyomi was slightly impatient, she placed her hand on the doorknob of the entrance door and locked it to restart the magic.

[Ano, sorry for the inconvenience, but is this your first time here?]

She locked it and invoked its magic, and then a voice called out to her.

[Ee, its fi...ne. Un, it's just that it's been a while since I last came here, so I was surprised.]

She noticed the girl talking to her wore the waitress uniform, she then saw the small black goat horns peeking from her blonde hair and Koyomi swallowed her second surprise of the day.

Even if her grandson inherited Daiki's cooking skill, he did not inherit Koyomi's battle talent at all, so she was a bit uneasy that her grandson did not feel the sense of danger.

[Then, the seat...]

[No, that's unnecessary.]

She shook her head lightly towards the girl that tried to guide her to a seat and approached the corner seat where an old man sat.

[...Do you mind sharing your table, Roast Cutlet?]

She smiled while she asked, the old man's eyes widened in surprise.

[...Yomi, you're still...]

They had parted ways 70 years ago and met again 30 years ago, but she had not met her former comrade for the last 10 years.

And then she suddenly appeared again in front of him.

[...No, it is fine. Please, wife-san. Let's have fun together.]

[Ee, thank you.]

After sitting down, Koyomi placed an order to the waitress who was watching the situation.

[Roast cutlet with large bowl of rice please.]

It was the first food she ate in this otherworld, and she was sure it was still the best dish.

[Ye, yes, please wait a moment.]

Perhaps she was silently intimidated by Koyomi's order, as soon as she confirmed the order, the waitress immediately retreated back to the kitchen.

She felt a bit scared by the quiet hostility emitted from Koyomi.

[Don't hate her too much. Time has changed.]

Looking at her, Roast Cutlet advised her with a wry smile.

[...Ee, I know. You yourself have changed a lot too right?]

She realized that the past 70 years of her life spent in the otherworld was great because in her home world, she only knew how to kill demons.

Everything would change dramatically as long as time passes.

[Aa, well, I guess I spoke about it a bit 30 years ago. The new country of Empire joined hands with the demon tribe and was born anew. That Empire is now tremendously powerful, to the point of being one of the largest countries of Eastern Continent. Because of that, demons can even live accordingly in the Kingdom and Principality, and they all lived together.]

Recalling about the battlefield of the past where humans and demons mutually kill each other, Roast Cutlet felt the flow of time again when he met his former comrade.

(For elves, 30 years flowed in just a few blinks, but it is long enough for human beings... I'm getting old.)

With a wry smile, they chatted while waiting for the meal.

Roast Cutlet... the great sage Artorius, the hero of Evil God war, met with Yomi, his former comrade, 30 years ago... when otherworld dining hall was first established.

A long time ago, elven invaders also advanced into this different world before the "serious illness battle" caused the number of elves to largely decline due to unknown diseases that seemed to be brought in from the different world.

A magic world seemed to be brought in into the world at that time and connected the world to Roast Cutlet's world, but it circulated in the market as a mere antique because magic was uncommon.

It was after Yomi had spent 40 years in that world and her grandson obtained it by chance, or perhaps it was God's divine protection.

It connected the otherworld where she currently lived and the world where she used to live... Yomi, who had the magic tool that could enable her to go back and forth, consulted with the owner of otherworld dining hall who was her own husband and

the only person that knew of Yomi's true identity.

And at the time, the previous owner said this.

[In that case, do you want to invite people from otherworld as customers? Though I don't know the feeling of wanting to know what happened to my hometown.]

The idea of the previous owner was to change this ordinary restaurant into an "otherworld dining hall".

And the first to be invited by the magic tool coordinated by Yomi with her skillful magical talent was Artorius who had superior magical skill than her.

(That surprised me quite a bit.)

When a strange black door suddenly appeared in his room just in front of his eyes, he entered with vigilance and met his supposedly long-dead former comrade who was waiting for him, he then ate unknown otherworld cuisine.

It was the most mysterious and surprising thing even for Artorius that was experienced with the Evil God war.

(No, I was really surprised 30 years ago.)

Artorius knew.

The existence of this restaurant and its cuisine caused a lot of changes in his world for the last 30 years.

The influences ranged from large to small, and even Artorius did not know everything until they happened.

Perhaps without this restaurant the Empire wouldn't obtain the Cobbler's fruit and would not have the same power as now.

There was also such a big influence.

(Indeed, things will be variously different if involved with this place.)

While swallowing such feelings, Roast Cutlet asked his friend.

[So, how did you spend the last 10 years since the previous owner died? Since you didn't show up for a long time, I thought you already travelled to the Netherworld.]

[Ee, after that, I'm supposed to live at my grandson's house...]

They exchanged words to fill in her long absence.

It continued until Koyomi's order of roast cutlet came.

While they were talking, the meal was placed in front of Koyomi.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your order of roast cutlet.]

[Ah, thank you.]

After reminiscing with her friend, she was able to naturally thank the demon waitress now.



A freshly fried roast cutlet placed on a metal net so that it did not touch the moisture of the cabbage, and a lemon placed beside a heap of shredded cabbage.

Steam rose from a large bowl of rice.

Koyomi narrowed her eyes in pleasure while she smelled its fragrance along with the scent of miso.

(Umu, a set meal of pork cutlet should be like this after all.)

She picked up a pair of chopsticks and joined her hands. It was the correct way to

devote herself to eating.

[...Let's eat.]

She prayed before her meal and gently picked the middle piece of loin cutlet with her chopsticks.

It was her style to eat the first piece without adding anything.

The roast cutlet with its freshly cooked aroma. The meat was so thick she could see the grey and white flesh in between the colourful coating.

She brought it to her mouth and bit it.

(...Aa, it's so delicious.)

Beneath the coating was thick, soft meat. The fat seeped out from the meat and mixed with the meat juice.

Savoury coating and fresh meat. In order to properly taste these two first, she did not add anything to it.

It was a commitment that Koyomi followed for the last 70 years.

(Next is...)

After eating her first piece of crispy loin cutlet, she added her favourite seasoning.

She squeezed the lemon and drizzled its juice onto the meat.

Then she took the bottle of sauce and poured plenty of it on top of the meat and shredded cabbage.

She picked up a middle piece of loin cutlet that was stained black with the sauce and took a bite.

(Un! It has to be the sauce after all.)

With the taste of meat and savoury coating, Koyomi nodded to the sweet sauce, the sharp acidity of the lemon and the spicy mustard that tickled her nostrils, she then ate the rice while the flavours still remained in her mouth.

The warm and sweet rice wrapped around the strong taste of cutlet garnished with sauce and lemon juice.

(Rice! It's a must have with delicious pork cutlets!)

Koyomi who had spent the last 70 years of her life in Japan was originally born in Mountain Country which staple food was rice.

Rice was much more wonderful with roast cutlets than beer.

That was her conclusion.

In a blink of eye, her plate was empty.

Not just the rice, even the miso soup too.

[Fuu...]

After swallowing her last bite, with the remaining flavours lingering in her mouth, Koyomi sighed satisfactorily.

Now, she knew that the roast cutlet made by her grandson was more delicious than Daiki's from the way it's fried, the coating, the thickness of the meat and the deliciousness of the sauce, but her heart said that Daiki's roast cutlet was still more delicious.

Because she had not eaten it for the last 10 years, the taste only remained in her memories, so there's no comparison really.

[...When you come here, you really eat deliciously, don't you?]

Roast Cutlet who watched her while drinking beer was half-amazed, saying with a bit of nostalgia to Koyomi while looking at the beautifully eaten dish with no rice grain left.

When she was travelling with her companions, the hero who was called the demon king killer was not agitated by anything, did not feel any joy or sadness, she was just like a blade that hunted demons.

Whether it was because 70 years had passed, or perhaps she was blessed with good environment here, she became quite a human.

He was pleased with her change and was sad that he couldn't see her much for the last 70 years.

[Ara, isn't it natural to eat delicious food deliciously?]

While saying so, she beckoned for the demon waitress.

[Excuse me. If it isn't difficult, can you call the owner here? There's something important that I have to tell him.]

[Yes?]

Being called so suddenly, the girl widened her eyes.

[...There's a customer calling for him. You can see it this way, right?]

As she said so, Koyomi laughed cheerfully and sealed her objection.

As soon as the waitress entered the kitchen, the owner came and sighed slowly at Koyomi.

[...So it's baa-chan as I thought.]

He had predicted this development. The customer who asked for roast cutlet was usually the regular customer in front of him, but at the same time, if a customer ordered a big bowl of rice with the roast cutlet, it must be his grandmother.

[That's right. There's something we need to talk about.]

[Aa, I heard about it. It's about older brother's daughter Saki who wants to part-time job here right? I'm going to interview her, but I'm thinking about it.]

He knew a certain extent about his brother's child, his niece.

She went to college and lived alone and was an aspiring chef, and that her cooking was somewhat good.

As the owner, he would welcome her as a part-timer if she had sufficient skills and was willing to work hard.

[That's right. You can say that it's good, but this is more important.]

However, Koyomi shook her head and gently took out a golden key from her bag.

[...This is the master key of the front door. I've come to hand over this.]

She brought it because she thought that it would be good opportunity for her grandson to keep the key that Koyomi had managed over the years since her husband's death.

[I already have a duplicate though?]

[It's no good if it's a duplicate. There's something important about this key.]

To the owner who curiously asked, Koyomi shook her head again and explained while gently stroking the key.

[...If the time comes when you think that "I'd like to end the otherworld dining hall", please break this key. If so, the magic of the door will disappear.]

10 years ago, she had the mind to "end it" when Daiki died.

But that was not the case.

On the next Saturday shortly after the funeral ceremony, the owner who still had a piece of youth opened the restaurant as usual.

[...]jii-san said "if something happen to me, I leave it all to you. It's fine if you sell it, but please continue it as much as possible."]

Her grandson who had lived with Daiki that was a genuine cook ever since childhood practiced cooking as a matter of course, and he showed her fine Western cuisine.

He did various things that the previous owner didn't, made the restaurant more popular than the previous owner's, and had new regulars.

...This Western restaurant was no longer Daiki's. So then it was time to entrust him with everything.

[...I understand. I'll keep this.]

Perhaps he grasped Koyomi's feelings, the owner gently received the master key and placed it in his breast pocket.

[...Well then, please come again. I'll be waiting.]

Then he deeply lowered his head towards the customer who had supported the restaurant longer than anyone.

[Ee. Perhaps next time I'll visit during weekday or public holiday... sorry, but can I use the back door?]

If she went through that door, would she stay in this world, or would she go over to

that world?

Koyomi did not plan to try it.

(My home is this world. This world is fine. I want to die in this world where Daiki lived and died.)

Koyomi thought without any hesitation.

TN: So now we know why the restaurant is like this. The only mystery left is only the owner's name. I translated the last part while listening to Fluquor. Imagine the feels.

1. Here her name changed. Previously it was ヨミ read as Yomi, but now it was 暦 read as Koyomi. Sometimes they interchanged though.



PDF by: traitorAIZEN